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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 573
FAIR PLAY 576
BLUM FOR MODERATION. By Alexander Werth . 577
A LONDON DIARY 578
THIS ENGLAND 579
AFTER EDINBURGH. By G. D. H. Cole . . . 580
SIDES. By Y. Y. 581
CORRESPONDENCE 582
From John Strachey; Rev. Jack Putterill; Israel Cohen; Edgar C. Willis; Prof. E. Allison Peers; Herbert Tracey; Janet Chance and Alice Jenkins; Ronald C. Davison; Corinne V. Williams; D. M. Fraser.
AN IMPRESSION OF GEORGE MOORE. By Mary Hutchinson 585
MRS. PINCHWIFE FROM PENOBSCOT. By Leigh Ashton 586
ENGLISH PAINTERS. By Raymond Mortimer . . 587
PLAYS AND PICTURES 588
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . Page 590
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 592
The Profit in War. By H. N. Brailsford . . 593
"Home over the Tree Tops." By Maurice L. Richardson 594
Justice as it Might Be. By Solicitor . . . 596
The Service of Mammon. By T. H. Marshall . 598
North and South 598
New Van Gogh Letters. By G. W. Stonier . 600
Hogarth and the Eighteenth Century. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 602
SHORTER NOTICES 602
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West . 604
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 606
CROSSWORD 608
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 610

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE main operations of the Fascists last Sunday were in the provinces; they caused a good deal of trouble in Liverpool and Edinburgh. In East London the big demonstration organised by the Communists and the I.L.P. passed off with little disturbance, though bands of hooligans seized the opportunity of smashing windows in the Mile End Road after the procession had passed. There is a veritable reign of terror in the East End, and the demand for governmental action to put a stop to it comes from Jews and Gentiles alike. Sir John Simon is, of course, right in objecting to his reluctance to interfere being contrasted with "Jix's" readiness to ban meetings; "Jix" was proceeding under the state of emergency at the time of the General Strike. But this does not affect the main charge against Sir John—that he could and should have prohibited the Fascist March on October 4th, which all the world knew was going to be an outrageous provocation to breaches of the peace. He was warm enough in upholding the action of the police last spring when they stopped an anti-Fascist meeting in Thurloe Square. If it was proper to make Thurloe Square a prohibited area when the Blackshirts were assembled in the Albert Hall, was it less proper to ban a march through the heart of the Jewish quarter by a Fascist army flaunting the banners of anti-Semitism?

The Government Take Notice

But the scandal has now passed beyond the control of Home Office and police; the Government have been forced to take notice of it. Several Ministers, Mr. Duff Cooper and Sir Thomas Inskip in particular, have expressed themselves strongly on the need for action—though they surely have no justification for talking of the Communists as equal disturbers of the peace with the Fascists. Sir John Simon's blood, if it is still boiling, seems to boil rather cautiously, and the Cabinet as a whole betrays no over-eagerness. We learn, as we go to press, that they have appointed a sub-committee to consider what shall be done. One thing clearly could and should be done without delay; legislation is wanted to prohibit the wearing of quasi-military uniforms. That, we believe, would be a serious check to the Fascist aggression, and it cannot be objected to as a serious interference with civil rights. The proposal, made in some quarters, to prohibit all political parades is a very different matter. That would indeed be an intolerable infraction of liberty.

Madrid Awaiting Attack

The big attack on Madrid has been delayed by bad weather; but everything is in train, and the rebel forces

are only awaiting General Franco's order to move. For the defence there are plenty of brave men, who may be counted on to put up a fierce fight; but they are not an army, and they are heavily handicapped by lack of guns and aeroplanes, and even of rifles and ammunition. There is no disposition to surrender, especially as the rebels have made it known that they will accept nothing but unconditional surrender—and what that would mean can easily be guessed. Preparations—how adequate it is impossible to say—have been made for a siege. One of our correspondents, at present in Madrid, writing more than a week ago, reported a shortage of certain food stuffs, especially sugar, butter, milk and meat, and he speaks of long queues in the streets. Rationing has now been put into force, and a little, though naturally only a little, relief may be expected from the cargoes of food coming into Barcelona from Russia. So long as the line of communication with the Mediterranean and the water supply remain uncut, the city can no doubt exist and resist; but that can hardly be for long, unless the Spanish Government obtains arms from outside. And these, it is plain enough, the European Powers do not intend it to obtain.

The Palestine Strike

On Monday the six months' strike in Palestine came to an end. The immediate cause of the change of policy on the part of the Arab Higher Committee was the successful intervention of the Arab kings, but no doubt the presence of close on 20,000 British troops in the country had some influence on the negotiations. The Jews are pleased that the strike has been called off unconditionally; they are inclined, however, to place a sinister interpretation on the role played by the Arab kings, as they fear that such intervention may foster the illusion that Palestine affairs come within the sphere of influence of Arab territories. The Arabs, on the other hand, congratulate themselves on their perseverance—no idle boast in view of the fact that a great number of Arab shopkeepers and tradesmen have been ruined—and proclaim somewhat wistfully that the royal pronouncements must be placed on the same footing as the Balfour Declaration, since they recognise the Palestine Arabs as part of the Arab federation. Sporadic acts of terrorism still continue, and are likely to do so until practical evidence is given of what Ibn Saud referred to in his appeal as "the good intentions of the British Government." Everything in short depends on the success of the Palestine administration in regaining a measure of confidence among the Arabs. An amnesty for less serious political offenders might contribute to this result; but the main burden of the work must fall on the Royal Commission.

Exit Starhemberg

Henceforward one dictator is to suffice for Austria. If autocrats must be endured, then the fewer the better. By a swift stroke Chancellor Schuschnigg has got rid of Prince Starhemberg and dissolved his party-militia, the Heimwehr. The end came as the result of a quarrel between the Prince and Major Fey, the commander of the Vienna section of this force. The Prince dismissed the Major, recalling as he did so the dubious part that the latter (commonly supposed to be a secret Nazi) played in the murder of Chancellor Dollfuss. The Major then defied the Prince. The Chancellor, perceiving that the Heimwehr was split into two quarrelling factions, swiftly took his chance and abolished it. The really interesting part of the story is that the braggart Prince bowed without a word of protest to this decree, and before quitting the country bade his men yield like loyal citizens, which they did. This bully, then, was merely a *poseur* and never a man of action. His army was visibly composed of poor human material, and seemed to be held together chiefly by the money, some of it Italian, that its commander disbursed. Its share, behind the armed police and the troops, in the fighting against the Socialists and the Nazis was modest. So disappears a phenomenon unworthy of Austrian civilisation. It does not follow, however, that we may now expect even a relative liberalism from the Chancellor. Austria under his rule reverts to something resembling the Habsburg tradition of a century ago; it is an authoritarian State based on the clergy and the police, but without the halo of imperial glory.

Germany and Economic Nationalism

Herr Hess, the Führer's deputy, has made this week an uncomprising speech in favour of German economic nationalism. Germany, he proclaims, will go on with its programme of economic self-sufficiency, whatever sacrifices for the German people may be involved in terms of immediate consumption. "Our watchword is still 'Guns instead of butter'"; and accordingly the demand for food imports must be sacrified to the need for conserving foreign exchange for the purchase of instruments of war and materials needed for their manufacture. This speech cannot be interpreted out of connection with the disappointment and anger in Germany at the failure of Dr. Schacht's attempts to negotiate a currency agreement with France, Great Britain and America to accompany the revaluation of the franc. For the moment, Dr. Schacht's stock in Germany stands low, and the advocates of extreme economic nationalism have been let loose to say what they like. It is, however, improbable that Dr. Schacht, although his immediate influence may be circumscribed, will be either driven from office or even allowed to resign. German speeches have, in these days, to be interpreted not as definitive pronouncements on policy, but as reflections of the day-to-day fluctuations of the official German attitude in face of external events. Germany will not for the present devalue because she is still looking for a *quid pro quo* for playing her part in a movement towards currency stabilisation and the liberation of external trade. But nothing said by Herr Hess, or even Herr Hitler, will stand in the way if, later on, the controllers of German policy decide that economic collaboration offers better prospects than continued isolation. The beauty of dictatorship is that inconsistency does not matter. In Germany, as in Russia, "when father says 'turn,' we all turn."

Not Back on Gold

In certain quarters, the agreement between Great Britain, France and America to permit gold buying by the financial authorities on behalf of their respective Exchange Equalisation Funds has been acclaimed as if it were almost a return to the gold standard. In reality, there is a world of difference between the gold standard and a system which allows Governments to use the purchase and sale of gold as methods of implementing a

policy of co-operative management of the foreign exchanges. As long as France remained on the gold standard, it was possible for Great Britain and America to support the franc without risk of loss by buying francs and then promptly converting them into gold holdings in Paris. This possibility, however, disappeared with the change in French financial policy. What the new agreement does is to enable the authorities in the three countries to maintain a policy of managed exchanges without involving themselves in the risks of loss involved in purchasing and holding currencies which are in process of depreciation. It is therefore a useful instrument of international monetary management; but by no stretch of imagination can it be regarded as either a return to the gold standard or, as Mr. Morgenthau seems to regard it, the establishment of the gold standard in a new form. For this country at any rate, it would be most unwise to contemplate any return to gold until there has been time to see how national currencies settle down in face of the revaluations which have followed the collapse of the gold bloc. A fixed gold parity might, even now, easily involve monetary conditions which would seriously limit the possibilities of continued economic expansion. Fortunately, our financial authorities seem to appreciate this; and, while the new agreement probably does mean a nearer approach to international stabilisation—more important than ever now that more countries have attached themselves to the sterling area—it is most unlikely that the Government or the Bank will agree to any fixed sterling gold parity as long as the future of other currencies remains as uncertain as it is to-day.

Civil Liberty

The Indian bureaucracy draws no nice distinctions among the parties of the Left. After treating all Communists for some years as outlaws, it is now extending this honourable distinction to Socialists. On September 3rd Mr. M. R. Masani, the Secretary of the Congress Socialist Party, arrived in Lahore for a week's stay. He had come from Bombay mainly to persuade a dissident Socialist group to join his party. Next day there was served on him an order dated the 3rd and signed by Mr. Buckle, Chief Secretary of the Punjab Government, directing him to leave the Punjab within 24 hours and not to return within twelve months. The order states that there is "reasonable ground for believing that Mr. Masani has acted and is about to act in a manner prejudicial to public safety or peace, or in furtherance of a movement prejudicial to public safety or peace." How he can have so acted, since the order was dated from the moment of his arrival, we must leave to conjecture. The Congress confines itself to lawful methods of agitation, and so does its Socialist wing. Mr. Masani (we think rightly) refused to obey the order, remained long enough to accomplish the chief object of his journey, and was then arrested, conducted to Delhi and there released. There are, we understand, as many as fifty members of this Punjab Socialist Party at present under arrest or subject to internment or externment, for political reasons. In this landlord-ridden province it is evidently the policy of the authorities to fetter, if not to destroy, the party that aims at organising the exploited tenants. We recently congratulated Lord Linlithgow on his liberal speeches. One rarely praises the Government of India without prompt reason to repent.

Fascism in Finland

The procedure at the Antikainen trial in Helsingfors some months ago showed that Nazi judicial methods had already been established on a fairly secure basis in Finland. The trial was staged with the primary purpose of stirring up feeling against the Soviet Union. From revelations just published in Finland's leading Liberal newspaper, *Svenska Pressen*, regarding two documents compiled by the secret police, we gather that the campaign of Nazification is now being steadily pursued. A year ago leading Finnish intellectuals founded a non-political body called the League for Human Rights. The League's declared objects were the defence of free speech and the liberty of the press and the promotion of peace through the League of Nations. This body, together with other organisations formed to defend peace or constitutional rights, has now been branded by the secret police as Communist, and the chairman of the League has been summoned before a Helsingfors court to answer a criminal charge. At the same time, any protest against press censorship or the various repressive laws under which many outspoken Liberals have been fined, is declared illegal. Since the police documents accuse almost all the intellectuals in the country of illegal activity, including the Conservative Government's own Minister of Agriculture, the revelations have given rise to a widespread protest. It would be interesting to know whether in Finland as elsewhere the secret police have had the German Gestapo to help them in their work.

Depressed Areas

Miss Ellen Wilkinson's outburst at the Labour Party Conference was a justifiable denunciation of the callous manner in which whole areas have been left to bear by themselves the full force of industrial depression. The justification for her charge was given at the Conservative Conference the week previously, where Colonel Muirhead could offer no hope of Government action. The men who are now marching from Durham, from Scotland and from South Wales, will hardly return home satisfied if on arrival in London they are greeted with an equally barren array of platitudes. But according to the Government's pronouncement even an official reply to their demands is to be denied them. Such pressure on Parliament it is said "cannot claim to have any constitutional influence on policy." This argument hardly comes well from a Government which mutilated its own Coal Bill to satisfy the whim of a few coal owners. Meanwhile, Mr. Rhys Davies, M.P., has drawn attention to the conditions prevailing in the Wigan coalfield, which has not yet been scheduled as a "special" area. Ten years ago there were seventeen collieries working in this district; now there are two. Throughout most of the area the population is declining and clogs, shawls and mufflers have returned to common use as the recognised garb of poverty. The danger of the continuance of such conditions is not, as Mr. Davies points out, that the people will revolt, but rather that they will become accustomed to living on a level below the subsistence standard. The marchers from the depressed areas should do something to shake the nation's complacency.

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FAIR PLAY

THE Russians have made their gesture in the Spanish tragedy, and after a scene of astonishing violence, the London Committee of the supposedly neutral Powers has been compelled to listen to the charges brought against the conduct of Germany, Italy and Portugal. After a further delay, it may be summoned again to hear the detailed denials of these Powers, and Russia's proposals for controlling Portugal. There is as yet no suggestion of any impartial investigation, and if the governmental press reflects the mind of Downing Street, it is apparently content that the Committee should remain the passive and powerless body that it has been from the start. None the less, the means of investigation lie ready to hand. In all or most of the places where these recent breaches of neutrality are said to have occurred, there are British and French consulates, not to mention the numerous British warships. The two Foreign Offices ought already to be fully informed, and could with a few hours' delay fill in any gaps in their knowledge. There is, for example, a good deal of unofficial evidence to confirm Señor Alvarez del Vayo's charges that Italian forces are in control of Majorca, and that a body of about 700 Italian troops captured the neighbouring island of Iviza. There is ample confirmation of this story in the *Manchester Guardian* of October 12th, by an eye-witness who saw the preliminary bombardment of Iviza by five Italian planes. If anything like this occurred, it was much more than a breach of neutrality: it was a flagrant act of aggression, comparable to the Jameson Raid. There ought to be no difficulty in procuring official evidence, British and French, from the Balearic Islands. A French torpedo-boat was on the spot during these operations. We do not know what in detail Mr. Attlee asked when he saw Mr. Chamberlain on behalf of the Edinburgh Conference, but certainly about facts of this gravity the Opposition has the right to be informed. If in Paris the parties of the Left were to put the same precise questions to their Government, the main facts could be established in a few days.

What then? The Fascist Dictators would presumably maintain their denials, for the Government of Rome denied the despatch of Italian planes to Morocco, even after two of them had fallen on French territory. The Committee has no power to impose "sanctions," and composed as it is, one can hardly hope, even after long delays, that it will publish authoritative findings. Nor would much be gained, even if it were now to shame the Fascist Powers into a belated observance of their promises, for they have supplied their partisans in the civil war with all the arms they can use. General Franco's forces need no more Fokker bombing planes of the latest type, each manned by a German pilot and gunner; they are well found in tanks, guns and above all machine guns and automatic rifles. Against this modern equipment the Government can give its militia only single-action rifles, and even for these it lacks sufficient ammunition. In the early days of the Civil War the workers of Barcelona and Madrid, armed only with knives, sticks, a few revolvers and shot-guns, won their battles against the unaided Spanish regulars, thanks to their incredible courage. Their bravery is unbroken, and very slowly they have learned something about tactics and discipline. But the tide turned for them when they had to face the modern arms that have poured in from Germany and Italy, and more especially these planes, whose numbers now run into hundreds. It is now too late to equalise conditions merely by enforcing the embargo equally on both sides, if that could be done. The only way to secure fair play is to lift the embargo from the Madrid Government and to permit it to procure, whether from Russia, France or England, the modern equipment it lacks.

We are content to put the case on this modest ground of "fair play," since this nation prides itself on its observance of that attitude. We will draw no distinctions between the two sides; let us forget that one of them has the verdict of a recent election behind it, and dismiss any sympathies we may feel for the popular cause and any antipathy that clericalism and militarism may excite in us. It shall be, then, in Sir Samuel Hoare's phrase, merely a war of "two factions," whose ideals and fortunes are no concern of ours. That is an intelligible state of mind; but it is impossible to square it with the conduct of the Foreign Office. In two decisive ways it has "intervened." Firstly, it so behaved as to neutralise the active sympathy which the French Government felt for its sister Republic. Madrid had more than a customary right to buy arms in Paris; a written agreement existed, dating from several years back, which formally recognised this right. It is known that M. Pierre Cot was about to act on it, and would have helped the Madrid Government to procure in France the planes it so urgently needed. Perceiving, however, the risks involved, given the attitude of Rome and Berlin, the French Foreign Office took the precaution of inquiring in Downing Street what the British attitude would be, if danger to France resulted from this lawful and neighbourly assistance. M. Delbos, in his quiet and reticent statement to the Assembly at Geneva, told Europe what reply he received. "A friendly Power" (there was no need to name Great Britain) warned him that in that event he must expect no support from her. This diplomatic incident has passed without comment in the English press, though it is obviously the clue to all that has happened since. It meant, to use plain words, that Mr. Baldwin's Government warned the French that should they suffer an unprovoked aggression from the Fascist Powers they could count on no British aid, though one might have supposed that Locarno and the Covenant provided for such a case. This withdrawal of support on which the French had every right to count was surely an "intervention" of the gravest and most decisive kind, an intervention that in effect favoured the Fascist cause and prejudiced, if it did not doom, the Madrid Government.

The result was the decision which M. Blum's Government, feeling itself isolated, reluctantly took to propose all-round neutrality. What on this basis did fair play as between "two factions" require? Presumably equal dealing. The British and French Governments laid their embargo on supplies to Madrid in the first days of the struggle so promptly that it was even refused delivery of planes ordered in London and actually paid for before the rebellion began. The Fascist Powers, on the other hand, delayed and equivocated, so that a full six weeks passed before their embargo came nominally into effect at the end of August. During those six weeks no one disputes that through Vigo, Lisbon, Seville and Morocco

arms of all kinds poured into the rebel lines. We should have supposed that elementary considerations of fair play would have made the embargo on supplies to Madrid contingent on the proclamation of an equally stringent order by Rome and Berlin—that it would have taken effect only from the date of a general enforcement of neutrality. As this policy was actually operated, it amounted to a second intervention, again to the prejudice of the Spanish Left. Apart altogether from the recent evidence, which to us seems on some points conclusive proof that the Fascist Powers have continued their intervention on a considerable scale in spite of the embargo, fair play in this affair has not been observed. In effect, by a subtle division of labour, Europe has treated the liberal Spanish Republic precisely as it treated the Russian Soviets during their revolution. We blockade the Government, while under our eyes the Dictators arm its opponents. We do not know whether Moscow will venture to act on its protest, liberate itself from a bond that the other side has broken, and send its planes to the help of the Spanish workers. Should it do so, the moral responsibility will lie with those in London and Paris who have allowed neutrality to become a cruel trick.

Meanwhile, though it nominally adopts the "two factions" attitude, the Governmental press works steadily and subtly to create, to the prejudice of the Republic, an unneutral state of mind. The *Times*, in lengthy uncensored despatches, has described with great severity the unofficial slaughter of opponents by unauthorised gangs that has stained the cause of the Left in Barcelona and Madrid. It is proper that the facts should be known, and in condemning these excesses, we do not even pause to ask what excuses may be offered. It is, however, just to point out that they were not the work of the Government's recognised forces, and that the Socialist press of both cities has condemned these murders in the strongest terms. Week after week goes by, and we miss in the *Times* any comparable account of the excesses of the other side. Occasionally some atrocity is mentioned, but without the emphasis of headlines, and the average reader must suppose (like the distinguished persons who write letters to the Editor) that the inhumanity is wholly or mainly on one side. The evidence, difficult though it is to procure, points the other way. To begin with, the rebel broadcasts openly boast that rank-and-file militiamen who surrender are invariably shot *en masse*. This happened not only in Badajoz, but at Merida and after the taking of Toledo also. Again, there are now available the narratives of reputable American journalists who describe the wholesale execution of civilians belonging to the parties of the Left, not by gangs, but by Franco's troops, in cold blood, in Seville, Granada and other cities of the South. One of these eye-witnesses (Mr. Neville in the *New Republic*) states that in Granada he saw carried daily to the place of execution never less than twenty civilians and sometimes four times that number. In the *Manchester Guardian* (October 5th), Mr. George Beaton, writing from the South of Spain, describes the systematic extermination by the rebel authorities not merely of adherents of the extremer parties, but of all civilians who belong to Señor Azaña's Liberal party, and of all Freemasons. Yet we deny the arms with which these men might defend their lives, and with their lives the hope of progress and liberty for Spain.

BLUM FOR MODERATION

THE devaluation of the franc was admittedly carried out by the Blum Government with skill, speed and discretion; and the country received it with such equanimity and resignation that one could not help wondering why this and earlier governments had persisted so long in "defending the franc." Were they afraid of riots and revolution? If so, they misjudged the state of public opinion. Yet it was no secret to anybody that the majority of M. Blum's ministers had been in favour of devaluation from the outset. One of them told me, three days before the formation of the Government: "If we don't devalue very soon, *nous serons foutus*"; and when I met him again the other day he said: "Thank God. Better late than never—but better early than late." A great opportunity, he said, was missed in June, 1935; much time had since been wasted in "saving the franc," and the good effect of devaluation would not be as complete and immediate now as it would have been then, when the position of the Treasury was better than now, and when the Bank of France had £250,000,000 francs more gold than now. Still, better late than never; and the practical, as well as psychological, value of the Anglo-Franco-American declaration, he said, could not be overestimated.

No doubt, in terms of orthodox economics, the beneficial effects of devaluation will be partly offset by increased costs due to the introduction of the forty-hour week, which is already applied in coal mining, and will shortly be applied in the textile, engineering and building trades. But the truth is that, without devaluation, this, and some of the other labour reforms, could not have been applied at all; and much of the Front Populaire legislation would have remained a dead letter. Nothing, for instance, has yet been done about the nationalisation of war industries. But it was not a simple coincidence that the early application of the forty-hour week in several industries should have been agreed upon by the same Cabinet meeting which also decided in favour of devaluation. No doubt costs will rise somewhat as a result; but they may be largely absorbed by an increase in turnover.

In any case, the Front Populaire Government has now acquired the practical power to carry on—and to carry out its programme. The Senate will, no doubt, restrain its "extravagance" as far as possible; but so long as the Blum Government has the country behind it, the Senate will not dare to overthrow it. During its last conflict with the Government its bark was worse than its bite. The great question, of course, is whether the Front Populaire Government will hold together. The relations between the Radicals and Socialists on the one hand, and the Communists on the other, are not exactly cordial at the moment. The Radicals are dead against stay-in strikes; and it is probable that their hostility largely reflects the opinion of a large part of the French people. It has been argued, with some plausibility, that while, in June, the majority of public opinion was in sympathy with the stay-in strikers, and realised that the French working class had many legitimate grievances, it is highly unfavourable to a perpetuation of this practice, especially at a time when the labour legislation, the unprecedented extension of Trade Unionism, and the virtual introduction of compulsory arbitration have created, in the words of Blum, "almost a new social order."

There are not many stay-in strikes in progress; but wherever there is one, it is attributed—sometimes wrongly—to the influence of the Communists. In his speech at Lens, on Sunday, M. Blum said:

> The present majority—the Front Populaire majority—is the only one we can work with; and we shall remain faithful to this majority. But while we have a duty towards it, it has also a duty towards us. We are faithful to it; but it must also be faithful to us. It must carefully avoid anything that may threaten, not only in Parliament, but also in the country, the cohesion of the Front Populaire. It must show its confidence in us not only by its parliamentary votes, but also by its words and actions.

And Blum went on to say that "the new, active phase of the Government's reforms" could succeed only in an atmosphere of calm, peace and order.

The truth is that, especially for international reasons, the majority of the French people are not in a mood to "live dangerously," and would prefer the Front Populaire experiment to be carried on in a calm and peaceful manner. No doubt there are many who will tell you that, but for the tremendous impetus of the June strikes, the Blum Government would not have succeeded in breaking the resistance of the Senate, and would not have pushed through Parliament, in less than three months, practically the whole of the Front Populaire programme. This is undoubtedly true. But what the Government now says is that while the pressure exercised by the great strike movement was invaluable at the time, the moment has now come for applying all this mass of new legislation methodically and without commotion. Stay-in strikes, rowdy demonstrations and street fights can only shake confidence and hamper the economic revival indispensable to a successful application of this legislation. Hence the friction between the Blum Government and the Communists, whom it regards as trouble-makers. While, in prohibiting the Croix de Feu meeting on October 2nd, and in permitting the Communist meeting two days later, it "discriminated" in favour of the latter, it took advantage of the street fights between the police and the Croix de Feu, that accompanied the Communist meeting, to prohibit, in the Paris region, "all political meetings liable to provoke contrary reactions." The Communists were furious, and said that they, "a party of the Front Populaire," were being put on the same level as the Fascists.

The conflict between the Government and the Communists over the 122 meetings the latter were proposing to hold last week-end in Alsace-Lorraine was another curious affair. The Communists had held such mass meetings in various parts of the country, and since, they said, they had gathered 62,000 votes in the Moselle, the Haut-Rhin and the Bas-Rhin (about 18 per cent. of the total poll), there was no reason why they should not continue their campaign in that part of France. But, on the one hand, the majority of the population of Alsace-Lorraine is violently "anti-Red"; and there was a danger that a great Communist display in these provinces would play into the hands of the various autonomist, Catholic, and pro-Nazi elements, who, for months, have been preaching "Hitler rather than Moscow," and "We don't want to belong to France if it's a Bolshevik France." The Government was also afraid lest a vast Communist display along the German frontier should encourage German propaganda about a "Red menace in the West," and so lead to unpleasant diplomatic incidents. That Germany was waiting for an opportunity to cause trouble is clear from the state of fury into which the German press managed to work itself up even on the strength of the ten meetings which the Blum Government ultimately allowed the Communists to hold in Alsace-Lorraine. The joke of it is that Thorez's speech, to which the Germans objected most, was simply a string of quotations from the Führer's own writings—with a tactful conclusion that, in spite of Hitler's desire to "annihilate" France, the Communists were still in favour of attempting a Franco-German settlement, "within the framework of the League." While, on the face of it, such meetings were perfectly legitimate, M. Blum was afraid of trouble in Alsace, and also of trouble of an international order. Among other things, the British Government had warned him that British public opinion "viewed with great concern" the "progress of Communism" in France. Blum attaches the greatest importance to good Anglo-French relations, and in the case of Spain (as well as in other matters) he has closely followed Britain's advice, and has, at times, submitted to British pressure. The first serious conflict between the Blum Government and the Communists arose, indeed, over Spain—for Blum was not prepared to act in this matter independently of Britain. "Non-intervention" has proved a failure; but, curiously enough, even the majority of the rank-and-file Socialists (as could be observed from the meeting of the secretaries of all the Socialist Federations a week ago) are not blaming Blum for what he did. Their feeling is—rather Franco than the risk of war. And there are already many who make the comfortable reflection that "it wouldn't have been much good helping a Government (i.e., the Madrid Government) which does not know how to help itself." And in French diplomatic quarters one can hear cheerful reflections to the effect that "Franco is an unknown quantity. For all we know, he may choose to be on excellent terms with France and Britain. He was pro-French in the past. He is a nationalist, and he cannot have given away anything substantial to Italy and Germany. There is no such thing as gratitude in international relations; and he is quite capable of cheating Italy and Germany out of the advantages they are expecting from a rebel victory. Spain will never be anybody's vassal, whatever its Government." And so on. Even Franco's statement to the *Echo de Paris* that he "loves France," but cannot bear the Front Populaire, is not taken unduly seriously by the diplomats. After all, they say, "Blum has declared himself opposed to any interference with the internal affairs of other countries: so he may get on quite well with Franco, for all we know."

In the meantime the Communists are blamed for wanting, "under Moscow's orders," to provoke international war, either over Spain, or, failing that, by provoking Hitler in Alsace. The charge is no doubt unjustified; but it is curious that this charge, and, still more, the belief that the Communists are not loyal members of the Front Populaire have lost them a certain amount of popular support, especially among the peasantry and other non-proletarian elements. Moreover, the Zinoviev trial has done them great harm in the eyes of their "democratic" supporters. M. Chautemps's speech on Sunday, in which he said that the Chamber would be dissolved if the Front Populaire majority broke up, has been interpreted as a threat to the Communists, a threat based on the expectation that in a new General Election the Communists would suffer a severe setback. We shall hear more about it when the Radical Congress meets on October 22nd.

Paris, October 13th. ALEXANDER WERTH

P.S.—I have not dealt with the "reappearance" of the Croix de Feu on the political scene, and with the "persecution" of which their leaders complain. On Sunday La Rocque said that "he would not hesitate, if necessary, to shed blood"; but taking fright at his own words, be promptly corrected the Havas report of his speech: "I didn't say 'blood'; I said 'our blood'." The phrase, in other words, was simply an expression of his patriotic feelings. A would-be Dictator who is so frightened of—himself is a rather reassuring phenomenon.

A LONDON DIARY

DURING the last few days I have talked with three men who have been with the Government troops on various sectors of the Spanish front. One of them, Frank Pitcairn, has written down his story in a book that is just published by Lawrence and Wishart at 2*s.* 6*d.* *Reporter in Spain* is a direct and rapid narrative of appalling events in which the writer is far too closely concerned to feel appalled or to sentimentalise. It is not a literary description of war, not an account of events chewed over, moralised over and written up, but notes from the field jotted down by a man of quite unusual courage, conviction and capacity. It has, however, a recurrent theme and purpose which appears in the numerous reports of conversations after a day's fighting, fighting which has often been a kind of heroic bluff—for what can men, with a few old guns and half-a-dozen rounds of ammunition, do against aeroplanes and artillery? (I am told that the militia men at Irun only had three rounds of ammunition a day.) Always the conversation comes round to the same thing. The Englishman is asked about British politics. How soon will British democracy

be sending help? These villagers fighting to defend their homes just cannot believe that they are to be blockaded by France and England while they are wiped out by German and Italian planes. Another of my informants told me how he had seen a whole platoon of Government men mowed down on an open hillside by the machine gun of a German aeroplane, flown by a skilful German pilot who just swooped down repeatedly until he had accounted for the lot. Of course, these men ought to have been in a covered-in trench. But so inexperienced and raw and reckless are the Government volunteers—it must be remembered that 80 per cent. of the officers joined the rebels—that for many weeks they could not be persuaded to dig trenches and even thought it a sign of cowardice to take cover under fire. With no artillery, very few aeroplanes, and little ammunition the ablest commander could not have made a plan of campaign or launched any attack. Napoleon could have done nothing without guns. All my informants agree, too, that there has been shocking disorganisation, that the Anarchists, though brave to the point of idiocy, co-operate badly and that the Government Departments in Madrid have been quite inadequate to their job. Pitcairn remarks, as other people to whom I have spoken have done, on the foolishly strict censorship which has prevented even friendly journalists getting the Government's case over to the British public. You cannot fight a war on heroism alone.

* * *

Communists are apt to be optimistic people; one was even sanguine enough to bet me half-a-crown that the Edinburgh Conference would vote for affiliation. I ought not to have taken the bet, for the vote on affiliation, even on the Popular Front, was a foregone conclusion. From the regular Party angle the Executive's argument against a Popular Front is conclusive. It is admirably and concisely stated by Dr. Dalton in the very interesting current issue of *The Political Quarterly*. But the two articles that follow Dr. Dalton's (one by Mr. G. D. H. Cole) are written in a different atmosphere. I think they both doubt whether on present lines Labour can even be returned to power and they want to organise a broad alliance of progressive people on a short programme to suit our immediate urgencies. The second article, signed by "A Socialist," accepts the view that Labour cannot have, as an affiliated body, an organisation tied up with a foreign Government, but urges that the right policy for British Labour is to suggest the fusion of the Second and Third Internationals, the abolition of separate Communist Parties and the acceptance of Communists within the Labour Party. The scheme involves the abolition of the Comintern which "A Socialist" seems to think a proposition which might commend itself to the Soviet Government. I can see many arguments in favour of this policy, but scarcely a hope in the world that the Labour Party will accept it or that Moscow would listen to it if they did. To me, the serious argument for a working Popular Front is that it would give innumerable people, not only Liberals but also disillusioned members of the Labour Party, new hope of building an organisation which, in collaboration with the French Popular Front, might strengthen the forces against international Fascism. I notice that Dr. Dalton wisely leaves a loop-hole at the end of his article. He says that he does not believe "Fascism is to-day an internal menace in this country. If it were, or if it should become so to-morrow, we should need to re-examine, in quite new conditions, the project for a Popular Front." Well, no one thinks that Mosley is coming to power to-morrow. But Dr. Dalton should realise that Mosley's movement is part of the *international* Fascist movement, and the Fascist riots in the East End since he wrote his article may have convinced him of the need of "re-examining the project in quite new conditions."

* * *

A friend who has been living in Vienna has been making inquiries at the Workers' Bookshops to find what the working class is now permitted to read. Dictatorships are notoriously eccentric in their attitude to culture and the Schuschnigg-Starhemberg combination which has now been dissolved, seems to have been more inconsequent than others. The first victims were naturally all books of Marxian theory and history and a number of works of fiction by such writers as Maxim Gorki, Upton Sinclair, Egon Erwin Kisch and Ilya Ehrenbourg. Less obviously, Karl Kraus' *Last Days of Mankind* (Kraus was an admirer of Dollfuss) and Thomas More's *Utopia* were included in the banned list, and so were the works of Mr. Lloyd George and *Pan-Europa*—which is a virulent attack on Stalin and the Bolshevik leaders! More recently additional names have been included in the list—Ramsay MacDonald, Siegfried (*English Crisis*), the Webbs, Katherine Mayo, Russell, Wells, Dostoevski, Gandhi (India seems particularly to worry Austrian Fascists), Commander Kenworthy, Otto Bismarck, Masaryk and, most remarkable, Vienna's most famous writer, Sigmund Freud. What is the test which has led the Austrian police to make this apparently inconsequent selection? The only explanation seems to be that it is not considered good for the Austrian worker to read anything suggesting that there exists any widespread suffering, injustice, social unrest, war preparation, democratic idealism or psychological troubles other than those recognised by the Catholic Church and the Totalitarian State.

* * *

The great event in the remote village where I spent last week-end is the arrival of electricity. It is outrageously expensive, and so far only the pub, the post-office and the shop (which is about the size of a pocket-handkerchief) have had it installed. The pub conversation is largely devoted to saying that the electric light "is the finest thing out." There was excitement and aristocratic pride in the voice of the village shop-keeper when she heard that another house was also to have the new light. "Well, now," she said, "that will be four of us!" We had a long talk with one of the men who had come to do the wiring. He was full of interest about Wells' *Shape of Things to Come* which he had seen three times at a neighbouring town. He gave us a detailed description of the whole film. Scarcely a point had missed him. So gradually does light filter into the country-side. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. C. Durell.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

As regards the Ellerman estate it is reckoned that in income tax and death duties Sir John had provided £53,000,000 for the State. Could anyone in E.J.J.'s Soviet State contribute as much to the general welfare?—Letter in *The Courier*.

"I wish I were plain Mr. Smith," he said before he started, "then I would have a better chance on the films." (The Earl of Warwick arriving in New York to begin his £200-a-week film contract.)—*Daily Sketch*.

The Editor of the *Catholic Herald* apologises for the publication last week of a review of a reprint of D. H. Lawrence's *Pornography And So On*. Though he has not personally read this book he thinks that Lawrence's own practice in regard to the subject matter precludes him from being a suitable person to comment on it. Readers are asked to remember that the *Catholic Herald* is in many respects a pioneer paper and that therefore occasional mistakes cannot be avoided.—*Catholic Herald*.

You hardly ever hear of a girl being engaged these days without discovering also that she met her future husband in the hunting field and shares with him a love of huntin', fishin', and shootin'.—*Evening Standard*.

The Clerk (Mr. H. A. Merriman): It is for the magistrates to form an opinion as to whether damage was done, no matter what the amount is. Admiral Sir Hy. Pelly (presiding): The Bench will convict. Mr. Bailey: I hope you will not, sir. You have not heard the defendant yet.—*Surrey Advertiser*.

AFTER EDINBURGH

CONSERVATIVE politicians have been quick to seize upon the weak points in the Labour Party's policy, as they were revealed at Edinburgh last week. So have Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his " National Labour " supporters, who have been conducting a little delegate conference of their own. In both these quarters the charge against Labour is that it lacks leadership and clear direction and, more particularly, that it has failed to define without deep ambiguity its attitude on the critical international issues of to-day.

Undoubtedly, the proceedings at Edinburgh did give this sense of uncertain leadership. There were some matters about which the Conference declared itself with no sort of ambiguity. Despite the support given by the Miners, the Communist Party's request for affiliation was again rejected by a decisive majority; and the Conference stamped with both feet on the attempt of the Labour League of Youth to assert its right of independent judgment on matters of policy. The Conference steam-roller was, in fact, in perfect working order; and all deviations to the left were suppressed with vigour and promptitude. If the building up of a powerful party capable of governing the country were merely a matter of creating a machine for the disciplining of malcontents, Labour would be well on the way to victory. As a steam-roller, it works with remarkable effectiveness. The question at issue is whether such a machine is what is needed at the present conjunction of affairs.

To the outside observer, the Labour Party machine gives now, more than for many years past, the impression of being run by the Trade Unions. To some extent this impression is misleading; for there is no clear cleavage between what the Trade Union leaders and the rest of the party leaders want. It is not a battle in which Mr. Bevin and Sir Walter Citrine are ranged on one side, and Mr. Hugh Dalton and Mr. Herbert Morrison on the other. Nevertheless, there is substance in the view that the Trade Union influence upon Labour Party policy has increased markedly during the past few years.

This is not at all surprising. The Trade Unions have always had the power, when they have chosen to exercise it, to call the tune to which the Party is to dance. The block vote means that. But until quite lately their mass power was very rarely used. On most issues, there was no collective Trade Union view, in opposition to views widely held by non-unionist, or at any rate non-union-official, elements within the party. The change in this respect is due mainly to two things—the appearance in the Trade Union movement of two men who have turned the Trades Union Congress from a not very effective open forum for debate into a very positive instrument of policy, and the distrust of " intellectuals " and all non-official-unionist leadership which is the aftermath of the defection of Mr. MacDonald and Lord Snowden in 1931.

These two developments are closely connected. Trade Union leaders, such as Mr. Bevin, emerged from the 1931 crisis with a determination to assert against all other elements in the party the Trade Union point of view. Generalising from the cases of MacDonald and Snowden—and conveniently forgetting that Mr. Thomas was one of themselves—they conceived the notion that the " intellectuals " had betrayed them; and they were able to adduce Sir Oswald Mosley as an additional warning against trusting " irresponsible " elements within the party. " Intellectual " and " irresponsible " came in their minds to mean much the same thing, and to denote anybody who was not the elected leader of a body of workmen whose immediate economic interests it was his duty to serve. Henceforward, the Trade Unions meant to run the party, in order to make sure of not being " let down " again. That was the Bevin-Citrine view; and recent party conferences bear witness to the success with which it has been acted upon.

If the Trade Unions were to dominate the party, it was necessary to create a collective Trade Union view. This was done by turning the Trades Union Congress into a largely political assembly which, meeting only a few weeks before the Labour Party Conference, could define the Trade Union attitude and marshal the Trade Union battalions behind the official policy. That done, the decisions made at the Trades Union Congress could be re-registered at the Labour Party Conference with the aid of the massed Trade Union vote.

So it has happened, without any objection from the Labour Party's own " bosses "—or, at any rate, most of them. For largely, on the questions now at issue, they agree with the Trade Union view; and, on the whole, it suits the party managers well enough to have the Trade Union big stick brandished at the malcontents of the Socialist League, the League of Youth, and other " irresponsible " organisations of the Left. Most of the members of the Labour Party Executive are also Trade Union leaders; and some of those who are not are for the present in the same camp. Accordingly, the Trade Unions are allowed, with very little opposition, to present the appearance of running the party.

Undoubtedly, this situation has its good as well as its bad side. If the Trade Unions had been in command in 1931, the Labour Party could not have been forced into the equivocal position which it came to occupy over the treatment of the unemployed; for on " straight " working-class issues of domestic policy the Trade Unions can be relied upon to take the right view when a crisis arrives. Trade Union domination is a protection against " MacDonaldism "; and it is mainly the experience of " MacDonaldism " that has called it into active being.

But there is another aspect of the question. The Trade Union movement, as matters stand to-day, represents in effect not the entire working class, but only a section of it. It does not effectively represent either the black-coated workers in the rapidly growing services and professions or the mass of manual workers in the newer industries which have been developing round London and other big towns, pre-eminently in the Midlands and the South of England. These workers will not at present respond at all easily to a Trade Union appeal, or readily accept the leadership of a party which appears to them as primarily a Trade Union party.

Mr. Bevin, at any rate, has shown himself well aware of this serious limitation of the Trade Union appeal. His remedy, on which he has insisted recently in one speech after another, is to broaden Trade Unionism so as effectively to include the elements now outside its ranks. He wants the Trade Unions to run the Labour Party; but he wants them to run it as representing professional workers, workers in the growing non-manual occupations, and workers in the newer industries as well as the traditional groups of organised Labour. This would be a fine thing indeed, if it could be done. But can it? Can it, at any rate, be done in time to enable the Trade Unions and the Labour Party to become, in the existing crisis, the effective representatives of a united Left?

It seems most unlikely that it can. The sections of the " working-class " population, in a broad sense, which are now outside both the Trade Unions and the Labour Party are far more likely to be brought in quickly by a political than by a Trade Union appeal. The issues they are thinking most about are political and international issues, and they can be approached much more easily as dwellers in certain suburbs and housing estates, and as national and municipal voters, than as workers in offices or new-style factories or service establishments. If they can be attracted politically to the Labour side, it will become much easier to organise them as Trade Unionists: whereas to approach them first as potential members of Trade Unions is bound to involve far slower and more laborious campaigning before appreciable results can be got. By all means let Mr. Bevin and Sir Walter Citrine enrol as many of these people as they can. All they do in that way is solid gain. But, by itself, it is too slow; and it cannot cover, for a long time yet, more than a part of the need.

In the present state of the world, political policies need to be decisive and incisive if they are to make a widespread appeal. That does not mean that they ought to be extremist—far from

it. What is needed to-day is a quite short and for the most part quite moderate programme of immediate things to be done—things that clearly could be done and that those who put them forward clearly intend to do. This is not the time for nebulous promises of a new heaven and a new earth, but for clear-cut pronouncements on urgent practical issues.

This again Mr. Bevin seems to see; for he has been a prominent advocate of a shortened, practical Labour programme. What he does not see, and what most of the leaders of the Labour Party seem not to see either, is that such a programme is capable of rallying behind it more supporters than will rally to it if it is firmly labelled as the exclusive property of the Labour Party and the Trade Unions. It needs to be put forward, first, in clear-cut and decisively unambiguous language, and secondly, not as a "proprietary article" for Labour salesmen, but as a rallying point for everyone, who is prepared to collaborate in carrying it into effect.

At present neither of these conditions is satisfied. On the outstanding issue of to-day, that of armaments and collective security, the Edinburgh Conference has returned an intentionally ambiguous answer. This would be unavoidable, if there really existed in the party a difference of view too deep to be resolved by voting down the minority. But does there? There is a deep difference between Mr. Lansbury and the official leadership. But that has been settled by voting Mr. Lansbury down. It does not account for the ambiguity of the majority resolution. But, among the majority, are there not further irreconcilable differences? I doubt it. The differences are far more a matter of tactics and mode of expression than about anything deeper. The Trade Unions are as anti-Fascist as anyone else in the Labour Party. They must be; for Fascism threatens them, as well as Social Democracy, with sheer extinction. They are as much in favour of pooled security. The question is how best to state the party attitude in face of the difficult tactical situation in which the party is placed. Is rearmament to be opposed because the Government refuses to pledge itself to a right use of arms—that is, to a Left foreign policy in European affairs; or is it to be supported because Labour may itself need larger armaments to implement a policy of resistance to Fascist aggression?

This is a difficult question. But does not the real difficulty of settling it by a clear-cut decision lie less in the problem itself than in the underlying differences of view about the party's future? It is not easy for a party which is uncertain about itself to be certain about its policy, whereas certainty about the political objectives of the party would carry with it a much clearer insight into the necessities of the immediate situation. The real question which the Labour Party has to face is whether it is still content to remain in the political wilderness in the hope of ultimately bringing over a majority of the whole electorate to its support, or whether, in view of the immediate urgency of a "Left" victory in Great Britain, as a necessary prerequisite of British collaboration with the "Left" forces in Europe, it is prepared to constitute itself the rallying point for all the elements of "Left" opinion that can be persuaded to unite on the basis of a limited immediate programme.

At present, both the Trade Union leaders and such party leaders as Mr. Dalton, the new chairman of the Party Executive, stand by the former course. But others—Mr. Herbert Morrison has been mentioned as of their number—are not prepared to accept the full consequences of this attitude. Here, much more than in any difference on a question of programme, lies the real cause of Labour's ambiguous attitude.

In my opinion, which is apparently not Mr. Dalton's, the Labour Party, apart from wholly unpredictable contingencies, stands little or no chance of getting a clear majority at the next General Election or at the next but one. It stands least chance of all if it appears before the electors as little more than the Trade Union Party. But, if this view is correct—and it is at least widely held—surely it is quite impossible to accept what follows from it with equanimity. It means, through the highly critical years that lie ahead, an effective detachment of Britain from the cause of European democracy, whose defenders are already fighting with their backs to the wall.

The revulsion of feeling which swept over the Conference at Edinburgh after the speeches of the Spanish delegates shows far more plainly than any of the Conference decisions the real mind of the mass of people who support the Labour cause. The main body of Labour supporters wants a "Popular Front" against Fascism, however little it may see how to bring it into being. Probably this same body of opinion does not want the Communist Party; but I feel sure it would accept the Communists as its allies if it saw that their co-operation is essential to the working of a "Popular Front," because Labour cannot safely broaden its front to the "right" without broadening it to the "left" as well. The Communist affiliation is, however, only a secondary issue. What matters is to convince Mr. Dalton that he is wrong about Labour's electoral prospects, and Mr. Bevin that the shortest way of strengthening Trade Unionism is to widen the Labour Party's appeal—and therewith to convince them both that, while they are seeking, by their slow methods of persuasion, to win Labour Party and Trade Union recruits, there is real danger of the entire basis on which their movements rest being swept away by the destruction of democracy, if not of European civilisation itself.

In relation to the Edinburgh decisions the practical moral is this. Any movement for a unification of the "Left" in face of the present crisis will have to arise without the help or sanction of the official Labour Party and Trade Union leadership, and to win its way, if at all, upwards from below. Only as co-operation is actually practised as a policy, locally or on particular questions, will it stand a chance of acceptance by those who control the machine. This is highly unfortunate; for there is all too little time to spare. But there it is—a fact to be reckoned with by those more conscious than the official leaders of the state of emergency in which we live to-day.

G. D. H. COLE

[An article by Dr. Hugh Dalton, Chairman of the Labour Party Executive, will deal further with the Edinburgh Conference next week.—Ed., *N. S. & N.*]

SIDES

"I WISH," said Mr. Wells, speaking at his birthday banquet on Tuesday, "we could put an absolute ban on these two damned words—'leftism' and 'rightism.' In the most vital human concerns there is no Right or Left at all. There is no Left science. Science marches on and marches on, neither to the left nor to the right, but straight forward."

This cry from the heart will find an echo in the hearts of thousands of other people. There has grown up in modern times a belief, which is in danger of becoming a hope, that humanity is so essentially divided into two extreme sections, the Left and the Right, that there is bound in the end to be a catastrophic clash. The ordinary man does not share this belief: he is persuaded indeed that the clash will come only if he and others like him allow themselves to be manoeuvred into joining one of the extreme sides. Experience tells him, too, that, if he did join one of the extreme sides and live to see its victory, the victorious extremists would as likely as not become themselves divided into various shades of extremism. There would be the Right extremists, the Right-centre extremists, the Centre extremists, the Left-centre extremists, and the Left extremists. This has happened in more than one country in the present century.

It is not that the ordinary man objects to taking sides. He is perhaps more detached to-day, less of a partisan, than at any other time within living memory; but, being human, he must cast his sympathies on one side or another, if it is only at a football match. The man who could go and watch football Saturday after Saturday and never care who won would be a cold-blooded monster. The man who could look on at battle after battle in the political war and remain utterly indifferent as to which side triumphed, might be a philosopher, but he would be a cynic. Most of us find ourselves taking

sides almost every day, sometimes against our better judgment. We may not believe that all the right is on our side, but we become convinced that most of the right is on our side, and that is enough for us.

This is the dangerous stage. We become so eager for the victory of our side that our mind tends to work a little unscrupulously in its favour. We require less evidence in proof of foul play on the other side than in proof of foul play on our own. We accept rumours if they favour our cause, and reject them with contempt if they seem to give an advantage to the cause of the enemy. If our side commits a crime, we are tempted to try to find some explanation for it, or at least to argue that it is an isolated misdeed, not at all characteristic; the crimes of the other side, on the contrary, are all characteristic. Who is there who has not discovered at some time or other that he was talking and thinking like a propagandist, ingeniously if unconsciously tampering with the truth? The temptation to do so is one of the strongest known to man.

If one does not take sides, however, and indulge in all the passions of the propagandist, there is a danger that one may find oneself assuming the irritating attitude of the superior person. There are few more unpopular figures than the man who sits above the battle, commenting on it with Olympian calm. To men of burning faith he seems as cold-blooded as a fish. He is a sitter-on-the-fence, a hairsplitter, Mr. Facing-Both-Ways: I do not think that there is a single proverbial phrase that speaks well of him. Yet, oddly enough, when the battle is over, and has become a part of history, no one objects to the historian who takes an impartial view of it and gives full credit to the idealism on both sides. In Quebec, a single stone pillar commemorates Wolfe and Montcalm. "Valour," says the inscription, "gave them a common death; history a common fame, and posterity a common monument." That, we now feel, is the reasonable way in which to feel about Wolfe and Montcalm. Yet, if we had been their contemporaries, which of us would have viewed them with this philosophic understanding? While the fight is on, the other side is devilish; and Heaven knows that, during the war on the American Continent, the use of Red Indians who tortured women and children and at times ate their victims, was as atrocious as anything to be found in history. Yet, as time passes, the valour of the fighters becomes more conspicuous: the atrocities fade into the background as regrettable but almost inevitable lapses of human nature. One side seems to have been as much in the right as the other. Cynics may see in the whole thing a clash of greeds: the romantic, probably with greater penetration, see in it a clash of faiths, of loyalties.

During the Boer War, again, the devilishness of the Boer was an essential part of the creed of many patriotic Englishmen. The Boer was not such a devil as the German afterwards became, but he was a notorious abuser of the white flag, treacherous and a coward who dared not fight in the open. To-day, Englishmen who once believed this no longer believe it. General Smuts is accepted by them as a heroic figure. The majority of Englishmen, indeed, would nowadays say, not that each side was as much in the right as the other in the Boer War, but that the Boers were much more in the right than the British. Thus does history reverse the verdicts of partisanship.

Not that partisanship is non-existent among historians. Some of the most brilliant historians are as hotly partisan as if they were the contemporaries of the great men of whom they write. We have had splendidly prejudiced histories of the struggle between Puritan and Cavalier. Cromwell is still, in the eyes of many people, one of the most practical of saints—in the eyes of many others, the most practical of villains. Yet if the historian were to represent the clash between Puritan and Cavalier as a clash between two lofty ideals no one would be likely to accuse him of sitting on the fence or of being Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. It seems almost natural to see the virtues of both sides when both sides have been dead a long time.

I could not help thinking of this when I read Senor de Madariaga's analysis of the Spanish situation in the *Observer* on Sunday. This was an attempt to see the opposing sides as a calm historian may see them a hundred years hence. The most real thing in the Spanish struggle, as Senor de Madariago sees it, is not the atrocities that are committed on both sides, but the idealism and spirit of self-sacrifice that animate both. "How," he asks, "can we dismiss such high endeavour, such fidelity to a self-imposed task, with a contemptuous reference to 'Red Rabble' and 'Rebel Bullies'? Is it not obvious that on both sides a vision and an ideal march in front of the fighting units like the Biblical columns of smoke in front of Israel?" That is certainly a point-of-view that not many people share just now. We instinctively take sides, and see in the war a struggle essentially between good and evil. Unamuno declares that it is a war between barbarism and civilisation, civilisation being on the side of those who loosed the Moors on Badajos. Others would agree that it is a war between barbarism and civilisation, but in their eyes the soldiers of civilisation are those who are fighting for the civilisation of the future. Can it be that Senor de Madariaga sees more profoundly into the situation than the partisans on either side? I do not know.

The chief drawback about impartiality is that it weakens the will for action. The ordinary man finds it difficult to fight wholeheartedly for a cause unless he has a modicum of evil thoughts about his opponents. The rank and file of English Unionists could not have carried on their long war against Home Rule if they had not believed that Mr. Gladstone was a really wicked old man. The average pro-Boer would have lost much of his fighting spirit if his leaders had kept reminding him that in his own way Mr. Chamberlain was as much of an idealist as any of them. When politics become serious the leader of the opposite side has to be a devil. At the time of his Budget Mr. Lloyd George was certainly hated like the Devil. If the Conservatives had seen him as an idealist they would have lost heart for the fight.

This capacity for seeing the worst of the other side is what gives most of its strength to the parties of the Left and the Right in Europe to-day. If Hitler had not been able to make a devil out of the Jew, it is doubtful whether he could have become the dictator of Germany. The Russians have had their devils in the bourgeois and the counter-revolutionary. And in Spain each side is devilish in the eyes of the other. To many people this seems a mark of greater sincerity than philosophic impartiality such as Senor de Madariaga's. At the same time, who does not long for a time when devil-making will no longer be necessary as a driving-force in politics? "These two damned words—'Leftism' and 'Rightism'"—even here we see that Mr. Wells instinctively makes the things he hates devilish as he begins to fight them. That, alas, may be a good omen for the success of his fight. Dictators may be idealists after their own fashion, but we are more likely to be spared from them if we occasionally envisage them as beings with cloven hooves and tails.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

FASCISM AND THE JEWS

SIR,—You rightly say that the refusal of the people of East London to allow the Fascists to march through their streets was "the best thing that has happened for some time." But in the whole of your article commenting on this event there is no recognition of *how* the people of East London were enabled to defend themselves in this remarkable way.

Yet such a victory over Fascism cannot happen without organisation and leadership. Whence, then, did the organisation and leadership which enabled the East Londoners to defeat Fascism come from? We all know that it did not come from the

Labour Party. The leaders of the Labour Party and the *Daily Herald* both did their utmost to prevent " the best thing that has happened for some time " from happening at all, bidding us all to stay away from the march and so permit Mosley a free passage.

As one who cannot, unfortunately, claim to have taken any part in the preparation of this anti-Fascist demonstration I feel that I must point out to your leader writer, what almost everyone but he knows already, that the indispensable leadership and organisation without which the Fascists could not possibly have been defeated, came from the London Communist Party.

The point is of vital importance. Victories in the struggle with Fascism, such as that of September 9th, 1934, and of October 4th, 1936, do not come by chance. In each case they were only secured by the indomitable work of that Communist party, which your leader writer chooses to call a negligible force. He is evidently totally out of touch with the realities of London politics to-day, or he could not make an assertion which has become so demonstrably untrue as that.

He tells us that Labour Party convassers are telling the Jewish population of East London that the Labour Party is " prepared to fight Fascism." If this is so, then the East-End Jews are being grossly deceived. For the official and reiterated instructions of the Labour Party to its supporters are to refrain from fighting Fascism.

It is precisely because the London Communist Party has shown itself the one body which will give the leadership against Fascism for which many millions of London workers long, that its influence is already large enough to produce " the best thing that has happened for some time." JOHN STRACHEY

36 Regent Square, W.C.1.

[We have no wish to deny the London Communist Party any credit due to them for their zeal. As regards our view that Communism is a negligible force in this country, Mr. Strachey is, of course, entitled to hold a different opinion if he chooses. But it is surely too sweeping a statement to say that " the official and reiterated instructions of the Labour Party to its supporters are to refrain from fighting Fascism "?—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A CHRISTIAN PROTEST AGAINST ANTI-SEMITISM

SIR,—I enclose for publication a resolution passed by the Diocesan Conference, Chelmsford, on October 7th, also a statement that was made with it.

> " That this Diocesan Conference urges the Government to take immediate and drastic steps to put an end to the Jew-baiting in the East End of London and elsewhere in this country."
>
> In moving this resolution Fr. Jack Putterill, of Thaxted, supported it with the following statement :
>
> " As the Jewish people has made and still makes such a valuable contribution to the religious and cultural heritage of the world we consider any discourtesy to them a serious blot on our national honour.
>
> As Christian people we claim an equal and courteous treatment for all citizens of our country, irrespective of race, colour or class.
>
> We consider the attempt to make the Jewish people the scapegoat for our economic ills is an attempt to divert attentions from the real causes, which we consider are mainly to be found in our economic system itself which operates in our country irrespective of racial differences."

The statement was greeted with applause and the resolution was carried with only four dissentients.

It seems to me important to get this Christian opposition to Fascism made clear. JACK PUTTERILL

St. Cristopher's Cottage,
Thaxted, Essex.

THE PALESTINE MANDATE

SIR,—Mr. G. F. Hourani seeks to prove that independence was promised during the War to the Arabs of Palestine by quoting merely part of a sentence from a letter dated October 24th, 1915, which formed only part of a lengthy correspondence that ended on January 30th, 1916. This selective and fractional method of demonstration is hardly likely to commend itself to the " impartial legal authorities " to whom he appeals.

The Hussein-McMahon correspondence as a whole has never been published, and in its absence one may accept as reliable the account of Sir Henry McMahon's letter given in the *Times* of September 11th, 1919, by the late Colonel T. E. Lawrence, who could hardly have been suspected of a desire to minimise Arab claims. He describes the letter of October 24th, 1915, as follows :

> It undertakes, conditional on an Arab revolt, to recognise the independence of the Arabs south of latitude 37 degrees, except in the provinces of Baghdad and Basra, where British interests require special measures of administrative control, and except where Great Britain is not " free to act without detriment to the interests of France."

In the case of Palestine neither of these conditions was fulfilled. There was no Arab revolt in Palestine, nor did the Arabs of that country render any material assistance to the Allies (see the article by Mr. Philip Graves, who served in the Palestine campaign, in the *Times* of April 5th, 1922). Secondly, Palestine was well understood at the time to be one of those areas in which Great Britain was not free to act without detriment to the interests of France, as shown by the Sykes-Picot agreement of May, 1916.

The late Lord Curzon, in a letter addressed to the late King Feisal on October 15th, 1919, defined the scope of the independence for which the Arabs had been encouraged to hope, as follows :

> The British Government are bound by their undertakings to King Hussein to recognise the establishment of an independent Arab State comprising within its borders the four towns of Damascus, Hama, Homs and Aleppo.

It will be observed that the cities of Jerusalem, Jaffa and Haifa are not mentioned.

Had the Arabs at the end of the War understood or claimed that Palestine was included within the territories that were promised independence, it is inconceivable that Feisal, who represented his father, King Hussein, at the Peace Conference, would have (*a*) signed a Pact of Friendship on January 3rd, 1919, with Dr. Weizmann, clearly showing that he regarded Palestine as excluded from those territories, (*b*) submitted a Memorandum to the Peace Conference on January 29th, 1919, in which he asked for the independence of certain Arab areas with the expressed exception of Palestine, and (*c*) written a letter on March 1st, 1919, to Professor Felix Frankfurther, a member of the Zionist Delegation to the Peace Conference, in which he said that the Arab delegation regarded the Zionist proposals as " moderate and proper " and would do their best " to help them through."

Mr. Hourani seeks to discredit the Balfour Declaration by quoting the description of it given in 1921 by the late Sir Thomas Haycraft as " a political but not a legal document." But the Balfour Declaration was embodied in 1922 in the text of the Mandate and thus acquired the same legal validity as that attaching to the Mandate as a whole. The Council of the League that met in London on July 24th, 1922, for the purpose of ratifying the Palestine Mandate, had obviously given previous careful consideration to the bearing of Article 22 of the Covenant on this Mandate, for they actually declared in the preamble of the Mandate that they agreed "for the purpose of giving effect to the provisions" of that Article to entrust the Administration of Palestine to a Mandatory selected by the Allied Powers. There can, therefore, be no question of a discrepancy between the Mandate and Article 22 of the Covenant. ISRAEL COHEN

The Zionist Organisation,
77 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

SIR,—May I suggest to Mr. Temperley that the fallacy that he detects may not be so much in the No. (2) of his letter, but rather in the No. (1)? No Government has ever maintained itself *only* by terror. A Fascist Dictatorship in Spain, whatever its essential character, might secure its position in part and for a while, on the political indifference of an appreciable proportion of the population, and maintain itself through control of the press and the influence of the Church, and, even, by exercising some degree of worldly wisdom. One may look for some small measure of discretion in one's enemies, more especially as one does not always find this in one's friends. That any threat to French security that should follow a Spanish Fascist victory would be lessened by the continuance within Spain of various opposing groups, in opposition and bitterly hostile, seems pretty clear; but what are the actual bases for Mr. Temperley's judgment that the most vital part of the problem of French security would remain unchanged? One would have thought that his suggestion that Spain may become what may be loosely described as " another Austria " as hardly consistent with his particular conclusion. If Spain, politically, is to reach temporary equilibrium under circumstances that would leave her dependent, mainly, upon either Italy or Germany, the threat to France would seem to be the more formidable: the hazard would apparently be less had France, as her southern neighbour, a strong Spanish Fascist Republic; but, as to this, opinions will naturally vary. I would suggest, however, that a Fascist Spain, whether weak or strong, would present to the

French General Staff both a danger and an uncertainty—the uncertainty being as to whether the Iberian Peninsula was, or was not, to be used, should war break out in Central Europe, as a base for aerial, or other, offensives directed against the French Republic by one or other of her eventual adversaries. Often has it been urged that it is precisely such uncertainties as these that are formidable; and one would have thought it uncontrovertible that the existence of such an uncertainty, as has been named, would change profoundly the problem of French security, and, change also, the problems of British strategy and security.

Orchard Cottage, Waltham St. Lawrence, Reading. EDGAR C. WILLIS

[We regret having wrongly attributed the letter we printed last week to Professor H. W. V. Temperley. It was written by Mr. H. N. V. Temperley, and expresses only his own views.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Mr. Temperley attributes to "you and several of your correspondents" the statement that "the insurgents are not supported by the majority of Spaniards," and (if I interpret him correctly) himself endorses it.

May I ask on what facts his statement rests? I have for many years been a close and daily student of Spanish politics, and I must confess that I know of none.

The present territorial division of Spain between the two forces gives an almost equal share of the population to each: even the newspapers of the Left in Spain claim to have only a slight preponderance here. Nor is the occupation of territory any true guide; if 75 per cent. of the population of Madrid were rebel in sympathies, or if 75 per cent. of the population of Burgos were Communist or Anarchist, no one, under present conditions, would know it. The only attitude in Spain just now for those who value life and freedom is one of strict conformity.

If we turn to the February elections we find that rather less than half the voters supported the *Frente Popular*. I know of no grounds for believing that this has more followers now than then. A few supporters of the Centre-Right may, as a matter of principle, have gone over to the Government side in the early days of the war, but since the murders (or executions) of so many moderate men, such as Don Melquiades Alvarez and Don Rafael Salazar Alonso, it would seem more likely that the tide has flowed the other way.

It is, I know, a common practice of party politicians, on both sides, to assert as facts what they merely believe, or would like to believe, to be facts. But such assertions, when repeated with sufficient frequency, are apt to be generally accepted and to pass into history. Let us test the accuracy of this one. Last August, twenty-nine persons made in the press what I hold to be the quite indefensible assertion that the Government of that time had behind it "the great majority of the Spanish people of all political and religious creeds." Now that they are back from their holidays, let them substantiate that statement or withdraw it.

I ought, perhaps, to add that, though I am challenging the accuracy of one of Mr. Temperley's statements, I am entirely in agreement with his contention that the results of an insurgent victory will not have serious repercussions outside Spain.

The University, Liverpool. E. ALLISON PEERS

THE T.U.C. AND SPAIN

SIR,—Attention has been drawn, somewhat belatedly, to the editorial note in your issue of October 3rd, alleging that the Trades Union Congress at Plymouth was not told that a delegation from the French Trade Unions had been sent there to urge the lifting of the embargo upon the supply of arms to Spain.

On behalf of the T.U.C. General Council I must contradict this statement. It is seriously unjust and injurious. There is not a word of truth in the statement that the French Trade Unions sent a delegation to the Plymouth Congress. Neither is there any ground for the suggestion that information concerning the attitude of the continental Trade Union movement on the Spanish question was withheld from the Trades Union Congress at Plymouth.

I trust you will give publication to this letter in your next issue.

The Trades Union Congress General Council, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1. HERBERT TRACEY, Publicity Officer

[We are very glad to publish this denial, and we regret any injustice we have done to the General Council. Our reference to a French "delegation" was, of course, a mistake. The complaint (which appeared in several English newspapers) was really concerned with a resolution passed by the French C.G.T. on September 8th. The resolution urged the French Government to reconsider the policy of non-intervention in Spain and appealed to the British T.U.C. to press the British Government in the same sense; this appeal, it was said, was not put before Congress at Plymouth.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ABORTION

SIR,—Mrs. King's interesting apologia for *Bolshevism and the Family* in your issue of the 10th contains various statements about abortion, but shows no appreciation of the experience of the principles nor of the aims which underlie the abortion law reform movement in this country. Possibly if these were understood it might be found that they have relevance for Russia. They are:

1. That secret and illegal abortion is harmful, but always appears where there are repressive laws; hence the recent repressive Russian law will prove no solution.

2. That in no country in the world is contraception either completely reliable or freely accessible, and that in such circumstances abortion is a necessary line of defence to be used when it is the lesser of two evils.

3. That neither the Russian nor the English mothers are irresponsible and selfish persons unconcerned with communal issues. The devotion of the working woman to her family in both countries under conditions of personal sacrifice is plain proof to the contrary. And it is they who, in the interests of decency of life, ask that abortion be available should their case be desperate. Their judgment of the wisdom or folly of permitting any particular birth would appear to have some value. But the present English and Russian laws do not treat the woman as a responsible person whose judgment deserves careful consideration; and the women who are forced to bear children against their will in these countries (and the recent debates published in the *Moscow News* show there will be plenty of these in the U.S.S.R.) will be not State-assisted mothers only; they will also be conscripted mothers.

If women do not desire abortion, there is no need for abortion laws; if they have to be driven into motherhood, the country that drives them might, perhaps, refrain from expecting them to admire its "political, economic, social and scientific facts" in their application to this serious problem.

17 Mount Carmel Chambers, London, W.8. JANET CHANCE, Chairman, ALICE JENKINS, Hon. Secretary, Abortion Law Reform Association

THE HEALTH PROGRAMME

SIR,—May I refer to your note last week headed "Thank you for nothing"? Surely you go far out of your way to quarrel with the "health" programme issued by Sir Kingsley Wood on October 6th. "Reading between the lines" you see something sinister and "cryptic" in the proposal to "close the gap" between school leaving and the present age of entry into compulsory health insurance (*i.e.*, 16 years). You associate it with the beginnings of compulsory physical training. May I ask why?

Sir Kingsley was, of course, promising a reform which many of us, including, I think, writers in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, have long been urging, *i.e.*, that there should be some public medical provision for the two important years of adolescence which are left blank between the school medical services and the N.H.I. medical benefit. The age of unemployment insurance has already been lowered and presumably the age of health insurance is now to be brought into line.

39 Lansdowne Road, W.11. RONALD C. DAVISON

[We see nothing sinister in the mere closing of the gap; but we cannot regard it as a substitute for a positive health programme. Nor can we disregard the reports that careful preparations are being made, e.g. in the plans approved for new gymnasiums at schools, for facilities for military training and storage of weapons. "Closing the gap" in itself does not in the least remind us of the Derby scheme. But recent speeches by Government leaders about their lack of intention, at present, to introduce compulsory physical training do.—ED. *N.S. & N.*].

A SOCIALIST SCHOOL

SIR,—As your correspondent points out, there is a dearth of Socialist schools in London. This is because, in order to pay their way, progressive day schools have to charge fees which the

man in the street cannot possibly pay, so that one only gets the children of intellectuals in the progressive school.

In my own Nursery School, being above all anxious to mix the children, we have the children of people who easily pay full fees at the beginning of each term, with children from homes which can only afford 1s. a day paid weekly. In this way the children in playing together develop a properly socialistic attitude which is difficult to teach.

Direct Socialist teaching is done by many teachers of the "Left" point of view in whatever kind of school they may be teaching.

It is an attitude which permeates all teaching, and presents ordinary subjects from a Socialist point of view. The important thing is that the children should *live* Socialism, and this can only be done in the manner I have described. Children brought up in this way will have acquired a Socialist attitude, and conservatism will be for ever impossible to them.

Hilltop Nursery School, 8 Sheriff Road, N.W.6. CORINNE V. WILLIAMS, Principal.

A CONFERENCE OF PROFESSIONAL WORKERS

SIR,—I would like to bring to the attention of your readers the Conference of Professional and Non-manual Workers to consider their political needs that the Fabian Society is organising on Saturday, October 17th. It will be the first Conference of this section of society that will deal with political as well as professional interests. Those who are arranging the Conference feel sure that in the present threatened state of civilisation even those who formerly regarded political action with indifference, if not contempt, will now be prepared at least to suspend judgment and consider what may be effected through political means.

The resolutions deal with Peace, Civil Liberties, National Planning, Organisation of Professional Workers, Conditions in Offices, Educational and Health Advance—things which vitally affect the middle-class man and woman. The speakers include Hugh Dalton, M.P., Creech Jones, M.P., Harold Macmillan, M.P., Kingsley Martin, Susan Lawrence and teachers' and doctors' leaders like W. G. Cove, M.P., and Somerville Hastings.

All professional organisations have been asked to send delegates and many have done so, but more delegates and visitors are desired. The Conference will be held in the Livingstone Hall, Broadway, Westminster, and there will be an afternoon and an evening session. Fee, 2s. 6d. per delegate and visitor, to be sent to the Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

The Nineteen Thirty-Six Fabian Group, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1. D. M. FRASER

Miscellany

AN IMPRESSION OF GEORGE MOORE

I HAVE been asked to give some personal memories of George Moore at this moment when appears the delightful biography by Joseph Hone. To my mind that biography preserves the essence of Moore's character, and those who wish to see him rise up before their eyes through the subtle touches of various descriptions should read this book, at the same time taking the opportunity of looking at the drawings of George Moore, serious and comic, by Professor Tonks now on view at the Tate Gallery—George Moore in his red dressing-gown, George Moore reading aloud, George Moore, the hero of his own "Lovers of Orelay," George Moore dining at Mr. Harrison's. Soon after my marriage, when I was very young, I met George Moore, then an old man, and we were friends till his death. I saw him constantly at "Saturday evenings in the Vale" where Tonks shows him reading one of his plays aloud to the company. With a few people he was natural, unself-conscious, unbuttoned, uninfluenced by the views of others to the extent of almost being "an innocent"; whatever his faults nothing in him was second-hand; he spoke spontaneously, from instinct, and showed good or bad temper, touchiness, rudeness or charm without minding the effect he was creating; he was most aware of himself and others when he was using his wits, teasing, mocking or shocking, and then he would look out of the corners of his eyes with a very mischievous expression; he had a particularly witty gift and he knew it.

Steer would often fall asleep at these meetings as Tonks depicts him, while Moore read, probably thinking with Moore, "I am in agreement with Tonks that almost any conversation is better than reading," or perhaps he was not asleep—perhaps he was thinking of his cat, believing, as Moore said he believed, that "purring is preferable to any other form of expression." Moore very much enjoyed Tonks' conversation; he wrote in letters: "He is always so full of elegant and instructive conversation that it seems a pity to interrupt it," and "I would sooner be depressed by Tonks than amused by any other—man." Therefore at Saturday evenings in the Vale readings were less frequent than conversations, and though Steer would often apparently sleep through these as well he would wake up for a favourite subject, capping stories, suddenly shooting an arrow at the image of some art critic and even quoting poetry—once the Bride of Abydos. Moore sometimes sulked, the subject also had to suit him, he could not bear a conversation to be about something of which he knew little, or to be fixed on someone else in the room, and if an unexpected and less familiar friend arrived he would be silent or even leave. Such a huff is chronicled by Tonks and can be seen at the Tate. Usually he was gay, waving his arms and hands as he talked; somehow the child of both Sancho Panza and of Don Quixote, he seemed to change from one to the other before our eyes; only when he over-stepped the limits in either direction Tonks would put him back in his place. I only saw Moore twice in the country, once by "the estuary and oakwoods" and once in France in that "summer inn that expresses itself in a large orchard sloping down to a winding river along whose low banks the tables are ranged," and, in spite of Steer saying he would describe landscapes from pictures rather than from nature, I should have said he loved natural scenes as much as Rousseau did.

Otherwise I see him against London. Indoors—rooms form into shapes behind his figure—I see him meeting and talking over wines which he never liked or understood, or over his favourite muffins in the winter or his favourite strawberries in the summer; outdoors—I see him walking and talking through long grey streets and happy Parks, and flying to and fro like pigeons are little notes and telegrams (he had no telephone) fixing a date, marking an event.

"Can you walk with me in Battersea Park at three or shall I find you in at five"——

"I am sorry that this letter will not reach you till midday, somebody having pilfered a great row of stamps lying on this table"——

"I intended to write you a long letter this afternoon but a writer of novels has just called upon me—he is downstairs—I have pleaded the necessity of writing a letter and left him to read the Epistle to the Romans"——

"A very tough dispute has been in progress since you left and all about a chicken that was too closely related to an old crow. . . . Clara . . . shed many tears and her sobs were loud on the stair-case as she went up to bed . . . the cheats, the cheats"——

And always there is the presence of Tonks with its halo of affection.

"Tonks is engaged on Wednesday and his morality prevents him from 'chucking'"——

"We'll do without Tonks as best we can by talking about him instead of listening to him"——

"I asked Tonks if I could put him, Robbie Ross, off—but our friendly face became very grave and he spoke of morality, so I must dine with Bob."

Moore seldom got a name right. Everyone know Ross as "Robbie," Moore thought his nickname was Bob. He would also talk of "that painter Douglas Grant."

Hone has recorded Moore's peculiar curiosity and how he would cross-question every kind of stranger on his walks. In Battersea Park I remember him standing on the edge of a pond calling to the gold-fish " to see if fish can hear."

In many of the articles which have lately been printed about Moore he is described as vulgar and petty. These words seem to me to be underlined out of all proportion—if mentioned they should be thrown out very casually and the characteristics which should be underlined over and over again are his delight in the world, his appreciation of little lights and shades. He was far more subtle and sensitive in certain ways than he has been given credit for and he could maintain an equilibrium in personal relationships that had a charming precision. He could keep a relationship gay, light, irresponsible yet constant, fast and loose, so to speak, yet make his influence profound. If he encouraged intimate conversations they would be of a special kind, not inquisitive nor serious—no question of confessions or advice—but all that was told would be transmuted into something almost impersonal where a story would seem to be reflected rather than to be real, yet the reflection became a revealing pattern.

His influence was towards enjoyment. His pleasure in the sensations of each moment must have been developed by contact with the French Impressionist painters—in him there was the same constant delight in the look of things, in simple pastimes and in companionship. I only knew him as an old man yet it was he who gave to a young girl the consciousness of small raptures.

His touch was light, his vision diffused, he did not put personality in the centre of the universe, in this he resembled even more modern painters in whose pictures a figure is of equal importance with a vase of flowers or a shutter; in him many emotions acted together in harmony; and so love, for instance, seemed to him to be part of a whole scene. The sofa on which a woman lies, the wind blowing the curtains, the creaking flower baskets on the balcony; the brougham in which she drives surrounded by darkness; the meadow through which he walks to find her, are as lovable as herself. Certainly in his stories he can give to meetings, even of a moment, the intensity of a passion, or of two days, as in the *Lovers of Orelay* the quality of a romance.

One critic has asked how could such great work have proceeded from such a petty man—and many people have dwelt on the ridiculous side of his character. To define him as petty and ridiculous is absurd. Moore once said of himself " I am irreparably aesthetic " and as he so often did he hit the nail on the head. All the elements of his character hung together in a peculiar correlated whole and this was due, I believe, to a trueness to himself which makes it impossible in the end not to accept him and to respect him. Such natures are the most exciting amongst mankind. Perhaps they can best be explained by saying they resolve contradictions through the existence of the same kind of integrity as makes a work of art. Moore had vices and virtues; we do not think of them; we think of him.

I will try to give an example of the kind of integrity I mean. Hone says in describing his relations with young girls " an odd sort of intimacy would ensue, half exciting and half pathetic, the yawning gulf of the generations bridged by a flimsy structure of hero-worship on the one side and a not wholly sublimated sensuality on the other."

This passage seems to me to miss the truth. The word pathetic is wrong: the description is of an average old man. In fact, Moore had such a sense of reality that he could make of these relationships something perceived for the first time as an artist would. He could not take a conventional view. Desmond MacCarthy has pointed out that Moore had a sense of time resembling Proust's, and Hone gives an amusing account of how Moore could not understand the subjunctive case. Might it not be said that in these contacts where " the yawning gulf of the years had to be bridged " Moore was able to flirt in the subjunctive; because he perceived certain values his sentences would take the form of " I should like to think that we might have "—" it would be charming to believe that "—the gaiety of the words accompanied by a real gallantry, but a gallantry seen in two perspectives at once, or in Proust's sense of relativity—what the lady was seeing in the light of the morning or mid-day sun he was seeing with shadow or even by moonlight; he fused these contradictions, related them to each other; there was not the dullness of mere friendship nor the absurdity of love, but an emotion that still had wings and stings.

All that was pompous, pretentious, sentimental, all the values of the crowd, rich or poor, he hated; it was enough for him to feel " the two rhythms out of which life is made—intimacy and adventure," to experience " a delicate gluttony," to work continuously and to believe in himself. " Our ideas are our friends. What are our friends but the embodiment of our ideas? Our ideas are the most precious things we have and they are the only things we carry away with us when we leave the world."

He was happy until he became ill, but his mind was very much alive, in spite of what an obtuse critic has said, to the end. The simplicity and strength of his character can be seen in his behaviour one evening at our house. After dinner we were walking upstairs when he slipped and fell backwards down a whole flight. (He was seventy-eight at the time.) Tonks coming out of the dining room picked him up at the foot of the stairs. I heard suddenly Moore's natural voice: " Where is my cigar? " He was unhurt, having fallen like a child, and he made no fuss, talking as if nothing had happened for the rest of the evening and going home with Tonks at the usual time.

George Moore loved life and hated losing it. He was the only old person I have heard cry out at the approach of age and death. His last days were sad and they have been finely described by Hone. They had that same quality which blends opposites—this time comedy with tragedy.

All day and all night he would sit in his red armchair like some extraordinary figure by Rowlandson—with his " tube " undisguised, his despair unrestrained, his interests and his affections unimpaired—creating an image of a human being so true and so real that he remains alive in the lives of his friends.

MARY HUTCHINSON

MRS. PINCHWIFE FROM PENOBSCOT

WYCHERLEY has something of the quality of Fielding in his work. His insight into character, his grasp of the importance of incident on such character, bring us into immediate sympathy with Mrs. Crossbite, Sparkish or Manley in just the same way as with Blifil or Amelia. We remember the brilliant conservation of Congreve's men and women, but we remember Wycherley's men and women themselves. If he owed much to Molière, and Margery Pinchwife certainly draws her inspiration from Agnes in *L'Ecole des Femmes*, he leaves behind the delicate lacquer of Molière's *vernis martin* and substitutes the good English mahogany. It is indeed this robust quality that will make Miss Peggy, as she was known in Mrs. Jordan's day, last for as long as a theatre exists in England. If his wit is less sparkling and spontaneous than that of some of his contemporaries, his satire is more biting, while his powers of construction and his easy use of natural situations give his plays a dramatic quality, which many of his fellow-playwrights such as Vanburgh or Farquhar often lack. There is more of Ben Jonson in him than one might suppose, and if the bawdiness that has made a good deal of the play's success seems a long way removed from that author, it draws its inspiration from a quality common to both, the essential masculinity, so much admired by Granville in Wycherley, a quality to which he owed no doubt his great success with Lady Castlemaine.

The present revival at the Old Vic brings us an actress from across the Atlantic with a great reputation, Miss Ruth Gordon.

As far as this play is concerned, I wish she had stayed in America. I have the feeling that if I were to see her in an emotional part of the type that she has played in *Ethan Frome* or *Saturday's Children*, that I might like her enormously; but I like neither her idea of the part nor her methods as Margery Pinchwife. She cannot help her lack of prettiness or her American accent. But homely looks can vanish in a brilliant performance—one has only to turn one's eyes to Miss Evans' Lady Fidget—while nothing can excuse the monotony of her tone. She affects rusticity by artificial wooden gestures and I found her method of taking the audience into her confidence in such passages as the letter-scene unattractive. The effect is to make poor Peggy into a grotesque, which is not at all as Wycherley conceived her or as any of the great line of English actresses from Pepys' Mrs. Knip to Mrs. Jordan have played her. When Mr. Horner first sees her "in the eighteenpenny seats," she should be a buttercup sparkling with dew and by the end of the play she should know every trick in the town. She must have a certain limpid quality, which was what Leigh Hunt admired so much in Mrs. Jordan's rendering of the part; she must draw poor Mr. Horner's parched cod-piece to her virginal spring, she must whirl faster and faster into the maelstrom from which she emerges gasping for more; but Miss Gordon starts and remains a New England natural, and it almost kills the play. Five minutes of Miss Isabel Jeans' champagne of blessed memory are worth an age of Miss Gordon's herb-beer, one minute of Miss Evans' Lady Fidget the whole of Miss Gordon's evening.

Some of the blame for this must be laid at Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's door, no doubt. Whether it is that Restoration comedy is not his field, at all events he seems to have lost the line of the play. Much of the decoration is handled in his usual brilliant manner, in particular the love-scene between Mr. Horner and Lady Fidget, the great scene of the three women and the finale. But the tempo is uncertain, largely due to the conception of the central character, and some of the best scenes, notably the celebrated writing of the letter, go for almost nothing. The cuckolds' dance at the end is a pretty conceit, but it must be remembered that it was the survival of a dying tradition, which started in such interludes as the Bergamasque in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and that the Restoration convention and indeed the form of the play demands the epilogue. With Miss Evans, who can do this sort of thing in an incomparable style in the theatre, why not send us away with a really pleasant taste in our mouths?

This actress's performance as Lady Fidget belongs to the great achievements. Here is the grand tradition in voice, gesture, and movement. I believe Miss Evans has never been liked on Broadway, but if the New York critics are not moved when she says "Money makes up in a measure all other merits in man," or seduced when she says "As perfectly, perfectly, as before your journey into France," then I hope Mr. Benchley and his gang will go and play marbles for a change. There are two good performances by Miss Ursula Jeans as Alithea and Mr. Alec Clunes as Harcourt. Miss Jeans has developed a very delightful sense of period without in any way losing the freshness, which is characteristic of her typist bone-of-contention sort of part; Mr. Alec Clunes has ease of manner and charm of presence and his Harcourt is an admirable romantic sketch. Such old hands as Miss Kate Cutler, Mr. James Dale and Mr. Ernest Thesiger contribute their own particular flavour with the assurance of long experience; Mr. Thesiger's appearance as Sparkish is exactly what Hazlitt so aptly described as "an exquisite and suffocating coxcomb." Mr. Richard Goolden is almost too fussy as Sir Jasper and both he and Mr. Frederick Bennett, as the Quack, want toning down a little. On the contrary, Miss Freda Jackson in the rather important part of Lucy, Alithea's maid, is not nearly broad enough. There is a lot to be done with Lucy and something in Miss Dorice Fordred's manner is sadly needed here. There remains Mr. Horner. Wycherley has told us a good deal about Mr. Horner in *The Plain Dealer* and how the name is intended to cover both his whoring activities and his knowledge of human nature. It is precisely this authority that Mr. Michael Redgrave lacks. His appearance is delightful and he speaks his lines beautifully, but there is nothing sinister about him—he comes from the Junior Carlton not from White's—and the part needs someone of Mr. Felix Aylmer's calibre.

This is Mr. Oliver Messel's most distinguished work to date. There is a touch of the Hollywood Christmas-tree in the Mantegnesque garlands and string of chandeliers over the inner proscenium and the banquet comes to us from Verona, but his main sets have spaciousness, restraint and period sense. His inspiration is clear, Hogarth engravings, the Stoke Edith embroidery, Sir James Thornhill, but he has given a witty and personal turn to much of the decoration and his drop in shades of blue is one of the most delightful pieces of scenery I have ever sat in front of. The cool greys, pale browns and lilacs he affects for the main scenes set off admirably the exquisite dresses. I mention in particular Miss Ursula Jeans' white dress embroidered in red and blue flowers, Miss Eileen Peel's carnation and lime-green, Miss Edith Evans' orchid and gold, lit by a blue wig. My only criticism of the dresses is that while individually delightful, they did not always combine well together.

The play was rapturously received by a packed house. A good many people laughed before the players opened their mouths and every bawdy word was the signal for an outburst of applause. Audiences can be just as irritating to themselves as to the actors and no doubt people thought me a whey-faced crop-ear, but, even if poor Mrs. Trifle did lose her reputation for being seen at *The Country Wife* after the first performance, the idea that it is a lavatory joke from start to finish is a misunderstanding of what is first and foremost an extremely able piece of theatrical writing. A little judicious cutting, particularly in the last scene, would improve the production, and as most of the dirt, which is part and parcel of Wycherley's licentious convention, has been retained, it seems a pity to have excluded the excursus (once so exquisitely played by Miss Isabel Jeans), on Mr. Horner's methods of kissing.

LEIGH ASHTON

ENGLISH PAINTERS

THOSE are ingenuous persons who call for reciprocity between England and France in the sale of pictures, as if these were standardised commodities to which a quota could conveniently be applied. It is most desirable that Paris should see the work of our best painters, but it is a mere patriotic day-dream to suppose that anyone not English will think their stature comparable to that of Picasso or Matisse. The fact is that such painters as these occur rarely in any century. But the painting of the generation following these is not remarkably better in France than in England. And a look round the London Galleries at this moment will be rewarded by the spectacle of many most interesting and delightful English pictures.

First I would have you go to Mr. Geoffrey Tibble's exhibition, which is being held in his studio, 13 Fitzroy Street. I believe that Mr. Tibble is conspicuously gifted. He has taste and an extraordinary skill in manipulating paint. The question is whether his taste is not over-exquisite and whether he has not surrendered too completely to his feeling for pigment. It must be explained that he has banished from his pictures not only representation of the visible world, but design itself, at least as design has in the past been understood. His pictures are shimmering pools of paint, varying in colour and texture, in which it is difficult to recognise any construction. The nearest thing to them is some of the later work of Turner or Monet, but in Mr. Tibble's case there is no reference, however vague, to any *chose vue*, and a severely limited palette adds to the general effect of deliquescence. The pictures are probably less arbitrary than they seem, but they could not well be less affirmative. You can derive great sensuous pleasure from them, as you can from the very close examination of a Courbet, for instance, but your imagination has difficulty in not finding in them eyes, faces, and figures, such as Leonardo perceived in the flames of a fire, or was it the stains on an old wall?

For my part, I suspect that Mr. Tibble is making his way up a blind alley, and fighting with one hand tied behind his back. Perhaps because we are vertebrate ourselves, we find satisfaction in the bone-structure of a picture, as well as in its flesh. It is difficult to say whether it is over-modesty or over-ambition which persuades Mr. Tibble to banish almost every note of drawing from his works. In any case the results, within their strict limits, are undeniably beautiful, sensitive and very refined. The water-colours are more entirely successful than the oils, partly because they are smaller, and partly because the greater liquidity of the medium lends itself more easily to this way of painting. No one interested in contemporary art should miss this exhibition; for the one thing which emerges quite certainly is that Mr. Tibble is a born painter.

At the Storran Gallery, 106 Brompton Road, there is a collection of flower-pieces, chosen with remarkable taste. There are pictures here by Renoir, Monet, Picasso and other aliens, as well as a number of works by the best contemporary English painters, Duncan Grant, Augustus John, Vanessa Bell, Matthew Smith, Gertler, Duplessis, Ivor Hitchens, Winifred Nicholson. There is also one of the best Christopher Woods I have seen, a picture of a flower called a Clivia. Wood had a charming and individual talent, but it is a mystery why his pictures have soared to such millionaire prices. His only superiority to several of the other exhibitors is that he is unfortunately dead—a fact which evidently limits the supply of his pictures, and may even stimulate the demand for them. Duncan Grant shows some good pictures: personally I prefer him in a more lyrical and decorative mood, but these flower-pieces, and Mrs. Bell's, are very sumptuous and thoughtful works. Altogether a most enjoyable exhibition.

At the Leicester Galleries there is an exhibition of "Country Seats." Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips are to be congratulated on trying to induce contemporary painters to portray country houses, but the painters have not played up very adequately. Until a hundred years ago it would have been easy to get a charming portrait of one's house, and with luck it might have turned out to be not only a good likeness but a lovely work of art. To-day painters, good painters at any rate, are less concerned to provide what is wanted, even though this may be something in no way unworthy of their gifts. (Dare I suggest that this is partly due to a rise in their social status? In the past, all but the greatest or most successful were content to be regarded as honourable craftsmen.) Perhaps it is not so much that they are high hat as that they cannot muster enough interest in representation. In any case, the best pictures in this show are those which give the vaguest impression of their subjects, notably Mr. F. Barry Craig's admirable *Heath End House*, and the three most successful Adrian Daintreys. Mr. Edward Bawden alone succeeds in providing a work of art which contains detailed information. In front of most of the pictures, "What a beautiful house," one exclaims, and then, not "Who did it?" but "Where is it?" Mr. Cedric Morris, Mr. Allan Walton, Miss Ethel Walker, Miss Thérèse Lessore, Mr. John Aldridge and Lord Berners are all here, but none of them at the top of their form. Mr. Richard Wyndham seems to have learnt in the Sudan an almost Royal Academy juiciness: in his picture of Stanway the careful outline of the house seems at odds with the romantic bravura of the background. Mr. Ethelbert White's painting of the recent additions to Eltham Palace suggests that the caustic criticism which they excited in *The Times* was fully justified. This is a show very interesting to visit, but the Daintreys, the Bawden and the Barry Craig are about the only entirely satisfactory pictures it contains.

At the Adams Gallery, tucked away in Pall Mall Place behind the St. James's Theatre, there is an exhibition of works by Miss Hilda Trevelyan. These confess candidly the influence of Sickert, but they have, especially the water-colours, a tune of their own. The oils are all small, and low in tone. A *Still Life* (No. 35) shows Miss Trevelyan's sensibility at its finest: this is exquisite painting, the discretion of which may conceal from the casual visitor its distinction and beauty. The water-colours are very pale and almost shrinking in their slightness. But this delicacy is not weakness—it is merely that they are a little too well-bred. Miss Trevelyan has great technical ability, and could probably well afford occasionally to throw her bonnet over the mill. I particularly like the nudes, to which this pearly water-colour treatment is very appropriate. The rare merit of Miss Trevelyan is that she is like a singer always plum in the middle of the note: her values, that is to say, are consistent, and this is a virtue which is are in contemporary painting.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Charles the First" at the Lyric

Even those of us who know our history best are not always familiar with the looks of our heroes and heroines, and with a cast of forty for the programme not to give the characters in order of appearance makes us fumble for matches about every five seconds. The play starts off brilliantly, mainly owing to Mr. Morland Graham's superb study of Archbishop Laud, but the fresh and liberal view of the politics of the day, which might have transformed the conception into something moving and new, soon tails off into the familiar "White Rose" *Schwärmerei*. Mr. Colbourne maintains, however, an intelligent grasp of his material and of his dramatic possibilities, though it seems a mistake in anything as episodic as this play is to have so many brief appearances of fresh characters. What the play needs is someone of the personality of Mr. Leslie Howard to play Charles and it might then be a very great success. Mr. Barry Jones, an actor of great sensibility, gives us Charles the diplomat, Charles the King, Charles the father, but he does not suggest that great personal charm, which made people ready to die for him. Miss Gwen Frangcon-Davies lifted the brief sketch of Henrietta Maria on to a different level altogether and Mr. Robert Holmes contributed an admirable study of a Cavalier, but whether the play will run or not depends on people's interest in the Stuarts.

"Going Places" at the Savoy

Miss June Knight who played the rather unsympathetic part of the woman-backer of *Broadway Melody* shows herself as a musical comedy star of the old-fashioned kind of no mean order. She is a real "cutie" with a glint in her slanting eye, which has much of the quality of Miss Teddie Gerrard of former days; she, indeed, resembles Teddie in appearance, though her blonde wig is far removed from Teddie's raven tresses. But she has a back of equal beauty to the one we all used to be so thrilled to see at the Palace. Singing and dancing admirably she bears most of the show on her shoulders for Mr. Arthur Riscoe, except for one admirable coarse piece of business about cranking up his lady-love, seemed singularly ill-served. A sparkling chorus with some exquisite lovelies and a good piece of acting by Baclanova, of former film fame, in an impossible part, make up the usual ingredients of this sort of entertainment, which stand out by reason of Miss Knight's performance. The Juvenile, Mr. Richard Dolman, was not quite up to standard, but the ingénue, Miss Rawlings, showed a pretty turn of speed in her dancing. Tired business-man stuff.

"Romeo and Juliet" at His Majesty's

Someone who knew where the magic lies, that livens this pathetical brawl of Montagues and Capulets, should have gone to Hollywood and explained it there, for it has eluded the film-makers. Here the coarse is made smooth, the blunt polished, the sharp made innocuous, disasters seem trivial and trivia are puffed up, Orpheus' lute is become Euphues' lilt, and in this new democracy, clowns and courtiers, lovers and bullies are all one, for all are dust. Shakespeare's play makes a lot of words upon a page—and, as their makers know, many a photo-play has been sunk by weight of words. How were they to know that these inexpensive, uncopyrighted lines are the most potent means of keeping dull plots alive that has ever been devised, that Shakespeare's "fair Verona" outfairs in the imagination anything that Oliver Messel could devise, even unhindered by Messrs. C. Gibbons and Adrian. (Presumably what was Holborn Restaurant about the architecture and Albert Hall about the dresses came from this old firm). The effect of cutting out so much blank verse has been to increase not the speed but the amount of by-play. Mr. Leslie Howard is a charming but wrinkled Romeo, and Miss Norma Shearer, after a long and distinguished acting career, is more fitted perhaps for Hermione than for Juliet, but both speak their lines well and without affectation. For the rest, their noses are more prominent than their performances—John Barrymore is an exception, the worst Mercutio we ever saw. If a certain sort of flatness is compatible with beauty, this is a beautiful production, where the hurly-burly of old Verona flows by word of command, and where golden youth has acquired an elegant patina specially inappropriate to this play of boy and girl love.

"The General Died at Dawn" at the Carlton

If Mr. Gary Cooper has not yet surpassed Miss Temple in the public favour, it is because his star is still rising, and because

hers, though setting, has left some light behind to mark the zenith of her fame. But already the multitude that adored Mr. Deeds and dearly loved the hero of *Desire* have doomed him. Gary Cooper has become an American ideal. George Washington may not tell a lie, Lindbergh must be for ever young, Admiral Byrd loves his mother, and Mr. Cooper is marked for fame and the narrow path of deadening rectitude. *The General Died at Dawn* is melodrama, a descendant of *Shanghai Express*, well acted, well directed and, except for some high-flown love, very satisfactory. But Mr. Cooper has become so noble as to be disquieting.

"The Gorgeous Hussy," at the Empire

Elaborately dressed, and up to those huge eyes in honest, gradual seduction, the passionate and perplexed Miss Crawford is supposed to represent, in film after film, week in, week out, the Modern Girl's ideal of the Modern Girl: a frank, free creature, you understand; gorgeous certainly, yet anything but a baggage. Now, for the appearance of change—or just to show how demure and versatile she really is, and how brave the modern girl has always been—they turn her into this Peg of Old Washington and show her to us looking very well in the clothes and conventions of a little over a hundred years ago, as President Andrew Jackson's little pal, protégée and helpmeet around the White House. For the real gist of this film is political, a matter of American party politics. With a presidential election coming along, a useful parallel can be drawn between Candidate Roosevelt and this re-elected seventh President of the U.S.A., champion of the people against the banks and dictatorial defender of absolute unity within the Union. Jackson was far more popular when he went out of office than when he was elected; and he seems to have been very much as Lionel Barrymore, in a wonderfully umprepossessing performance, makes him out: bluff, stubborn, vain, uncouth, and thoroughly honest. His biographer speaks of "a succession of personal acts in which he showed himself ignorant, violent, perverse, quarrelsome and astonishingly indiscreet"—a civilised judgment borne out by this long electioneering film, which is a studied, well-made picture, only half of it boring. Beulah Boni, acts very well; Robert Taylor and Miss Crawford commendably.

"Singende Jugend," at the Academy

These Viennese choirboys romp, dress up, and sometimes sing—but not often enough, on account of the to-do there is when one of their number, recently arrived, turns out to be a villain. He steals a banknote from the matron's room, along with her photograph (he has an interesting schoolboy passion for her): with the money he will buy more edelweiss in the village than he can pick for his beloved on the perilous slopes of beautiful mountains. Coming under suspicion, he conceals the loot between the pages of a musical score, where, when the boys begin to sing, it is discovered. Not all this dirty work is shown in the film, however; the director hides it from us, shielding the boy because he is an orphan. This is perhaps a pity, as we are over age. But then the Vienna choristers are not—and it is their picture. They must have had a jolly time making it, amid such lovely surroundings; their Rector, in the film, is wonderfully kind to them, and Schwester Maria, though clearly an incompetent nurse, is plump, optimistic and comely. *Singende Jugend* is altogether an overdose of sweetness and light. It is the sort of film a dear old lady would take a choirboy to, though the melodious brat would certainly, like ourselves, prefer something less grossly sentimental.

"Prometheus," at Sadler's Wells.

The music which Beethoven wrote for his Prometheus Ballet, in Vienna is fairly well known although it is rarely performed. The ballet was given in Vienna on the occasion of the Beethoven centenary in 1927 and was then treated rather conventionally. It seems odd that Massine has never devised a new choreography for this music, which cannot be said not to lend itself for this purpose, and it was left to Mr. Constant Lambert to abbreviate the score and devise a new scenario. He has done the musical part admirably, but opinion will differ as to the effectiveness of the story in which the Prometheus legend has been given by him a modernistic and satirical twist which seems a little thin.

The dancing of Miss Ninette de Valois' choreography was excellent, and Robert Helpman as Prometheus, Mary Honer as his wife, together with Mr. Harold Turner and Miss June Brae, proved once again what excellent soloists the ballet company now possesses. The decor and dresses by John Banting in a stylised classical manner are one of the best features of this new ballet.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 16—
- Five Lectures on Marriage (1) Biology of Sex, Conway Hall, 6.30. (Tickets 3*s.* 6*d.* for course, 1*s.* 6*d.* single lecture).
- Waiting for Lefty," Unity Theatre, Britannia St., King's Cross, 8.30.

SATURDAY, October 17th—
- Fabian Society. Conference of Professional and Non-Manual Workers to consider their Political Needs. Speeches by Dr. Hugh Dalton, Susan Lawrence, Harold Macmillan and others, Livingstone Hall, Broadway, 2.30–5 and 6–8.30.

SUNDAY, October 18th—
- John Strachey on "Is Collective Security the Way to Peace?" Conway Hall, 11.
- Laurance Turner String Quartet, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
- Public meeting in aid of the No More War Movement. Speeches by Lord Ponsonby, Laurence Housman and Joseph Southall, Olympia, Carey's Lane, Bristol, 7.
- Alan Bush on "Music and the Working Class Struggle," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, October 19th—
- Discussion meeting on "The New Soviet Laws on Marriage, Divorce and Abortion," Granville Hall, Granville Rd., Finchley, 8.
- Harro Siegel's Marionettes, Morley College Hall, 8.30.

TUESDAY, October 20th—
- Rev. Henry Carter on "The Work of the Churches Commission," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Eliot Slater on "The Inheritance of Mental Disorder," Rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.15.
- Rev. M. T. Dunlop and Canon C. E. Raven on "Christianity and the Present Crisis," Caxton Hall, Westminster, 8.
- Dr. Herman Finer on "Italy," Morley College, 8.
- The Next Step in Religion. Aldous Huxley on "Religion and Humanism," Besant Hall, Rodmarton Mews, off King Street, Baker Street, 8.

WEDNESDAY, October 21st—
- Sir Edward Tindal Atkinson on "The Laws and Practice Relating to Indecent Literature," King's College, 5.30.
- D. N. Pritt on "Law and Justice in the U.S.S.R." Conway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, October 22nd—
- G. D. H. Cole on "Can Capitalism Survive?" Friends House, Euston Road, 8.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Decline and Fall of the Romantic Ideal, by F. L. Lucas (Cambridge, 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a book which I most strongly recommend everyone who is interested in the influence of ideas upon mankind to get and read. It is a book not for a few scholars, poets and pedants, but for the general educated public, a "tract for the times" that will clear the minds of its readers of a lot of humbug, or acquiescence in humbug. Whatever its value in poetry, ambiguity is the most exasperating quality in a critic whose first duty is to say straight out what he means. Mr. F. L. Lucas knows what he thinks and why he thinks it; he explains his opinions with a brilliant wit which makes him the most delightful companion, and with a vast wealth of apposite quotations from the literature of the world. I agree with so much in his main argument and disagree so violently with many of his critical judgments that it is almost impossible to write any balanced appreciation or précis of his treatment of a subject on which so much has been said. There have been innumerable definitions of Romanticism. Mr. F. L. Lucas suggests that its fundamental quality is the attempt to liberate the less conscious levels of the mind.

> The eighteenth century had always at its ear two voices, like the warning Daemon of Socrates; one whispering "That is not intelligent," the other "That is not done." Romanticism seems to me essentially an attempt to drown these two voices and liberate the unconscious life from their tyrannical repressions. Like the accompanying French Revolution, it is the insurrection of a submerged population; but, this time, a population of the mind.

The blindness which the eighteenth century's Daemon induced to poetry is well known and may be exemplified by an instance additional to those quoted by Mr. Lucas: Johnson's comment on Macbeth's: "*Here lay Duncan, his silver skin laced with his golden blood.*" "He who could on such an occasion talk of *lacing the silver skin* would *lace it* with *golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot." Such blindness to poetry was equalled by a blindness to human feelings, and to a knowledge of the human heart, so that Boswell, a romantic and realist, who understood his own feelings and could express them, was always being snubbed for being silly.

> Thus the natural Adam began to chafe under these silver chains of good sense and good taste. . . . Repression bred hysteria. The pocket-handkerchief was raised as the first banner of revolt—cautiously and whimsically at first by Sterne, who drops a single tear. . . .

Mr. Lucas gives a charming quotation from Lady Granville describing how she cried till she could neither hear nor see when her husband read Byron's *Cain* aloud. But when he asks "It would be interesting to discover at what point in the nineteenth century the waters really receded," I think I can suggest an answer. Men and women wept until the advent of Dr. Arnold and Dr. Butler and Miss Buss and Miss Beale, the public school for boys and the High school for girls. I have noticed that those among my friends who have escaped a public school education weep easily and that they sometimes weep at the theatre and at great poetry. Mr. Lucas thinks tears are necessarily hysterical and doubts their genuineness. It seems to me that they are natural, and are now unnaturally repressed. Probably in a society of eunuchs the genuineness of feeling accompanying any expression of physical desire among those who were not impotent would be called in question.

* * *

Mr. Lucas traces, with any number of amusing instances, the development of Romantic sensibility and of the diversion of the romantics along the paths of mediaevalism, sensationalism and perversion of every sort, and is anxious to make the modern critic draw the line between health and disease and to remember that it is better to be sane than mad. While he cannot believe in any sort of absolute Beauty, or absolute Good, he feels that some standard can be found to distinguish between what he considers morbid and what he considers healthy, and he imagines a Greek saying:

> The art of man is like the play of animals; but the play of animals is not only play; it is a rehearsal of life, a quickening of eye and strengthening of sinew for struggles to come. . . . Do your critics show much breadth of vision when they talk so much of the tricks of the trade—of the heating of the pastry-cook's oven and the mixing of the dough; and never stop to ask if his products are wholesome or poison in the end? You are tolerant—or indifferent—about these things. But you, or your posterity, may find that Nature is not!

And Mr. Lucas rather pathetically asks if this means that he has run full circle into the hands of Plato and the arms of Mrs. Grundy. The answer is that I am afraid it does. For the new is continually regarded as poison. Forty years ago the critics were talking about the morbidity of Ibsen and would have found it hard to believe that so sane a man as Mr. Lucas should find in Ibsen a rehearsal of life or a strengthening of sinew for struggles to come, or that he should find in him "the living rock of poetry." On his last page Mr. Lucas tells us that during the war, when he sat waiting for annihilation in a shell-hole, it was not mystics that could bring support, but poets like Homer and Morris and Housman. But millions of his comrades found their support in *Freckles* by Gene Stratton Porter and in the coloured pages of *La Vie Parisienne*.

* * *

Mr. Lucas excels in attack. He can reduce Coleridge to a great poet who wrote rambling muddled criticism and we are bound to agree—particularly if we have ourselves been gnawing our way through *Coleridge's Miscellaneous Criticism*, edited by Professor Thomas Raysor (Constable, 24*s.*); he can scoop Mr. Eliot and Mr. Pound up in a footnote and bury them in the flower bed as though the cat had been making a mess. And he can brush Mr. Empson's ambiguous spider's web off the window pane as heartlessly as a housemaid. But can one feel much confidence in a critic who says:

> I like Blake often, but I like Hardy better. . . . Hardy is to me, as a poet, worth many Shelleys. . . . Hardy was a master-builder who had built houses that stood; whereas Shelley's handling of material things only landed him at the bottom of the gulf of Spezzia?

I little thought when I piously inspected the architecture of Max Gate that I should find its Victorian Gables regarded as a proof of Hardy's superiority as a poet to Shelley! And if the argument is sound they should prove a like superiority to Keats and to all the innumerable other poets whose mishandling of material things led them to die young, while Vanbrugh, who built Blenheim, might appear a better dramatist than Shakespeare. Mr. Lucas decries Donne, who "has passions strong enough to survive, sometimes, his own finicking treatment." but who "spattered life with clever mud." He thinks Dryden's Dramas "largely detestable," and exclaims: "How was it still possible after *Don Quixote* to write *Don Sebastian!*" Such judgments seem to me to show almost as blind an eye to poetry as his colleague at Cambridge who has announced that "Milton's dislodgment, in the past decade, after his two centuries of predominance, was effected with remarkably little fuss." We are to clear our lives of dusty bric-à-brac so that we can appreciate Morris and Meredith and Housman and Hardy. The trouble is that for me they are more like bric-à-brac and that Donne and Shelley are poets I do not tire of re-reading. And it is no good Mr. Lucas trying to frighten me with Hitler and telling me that "the wages of decadence are Fascism or Bolshevism." I do not deny that *The Shropshire Lad* is poetry, but the fact is that it bores me, while *Epipsychidion* does not. And I cannot see what Fascism has got to do with it. There is a delightful, and rather irrelevant, chapter describing travelling in Iceland and containing an appreciation of the Icelandic sagas with which I am in far more sympathy. But I wish Mr. Lucas had added a chapter discussing the realists who sprang from the Romantics, since the Romantic vision was so much more extensive. In conclusion, I should like to emphasise how much in sympathy I feel with Mr. Lucas's underlying thesis and underlying emotions, while totally disagreeing with so many of his values.

DAVID GARNETT

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NEW NOVELS

Night Wood. By DJUNA BARNES. *Faber and Faber.* 10s. 6d.
Foster-Girl. By JOHN METCALFE. *Constable.* 8s. 6d.
It Had to Happen. By LOUIS BROMFIELD. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.
Lights Are Bright. By ANNA D. WHYTE. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.
Envy. By YURI OLYESHA. Transl. by ANTHONY WOLFE. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.

Lesbos has never been a happy island. While the suburbs of a certain Mesopotamian city (during Biblical days reputed to have been destroyed by fire from Heaven, but since rebuilt on an even more magnificent scale) enclose many pleasantly embowered retreats where one-time lovers, now the best of friends, continue to pluck their eyebrows, paint pictures or cultivate their herbaceous borders in perfect amity, the airs of Lesbos are sharp with sighs, there is an undertone of jealous girding in every breeze, the foliage of its Swinburnian coppices is "sodden with tears." Rarely are the prospects it affords agreeable. Not every modern citizen may have the spirit to emulate its most distinguished classical inhabitant; but, should the tourist who approaches its shores care to look over the rail any fine afternoon, there are few creeks, bays or romantic fiords in which he will not catch sight of some solid, well-tailored figure pacing distractedly up and down, rearranging a bow tie, angrily shooting her striped cuffs, furiously glancing at a masculine wrist-watch, as she expects in vain the absent and faithless beloved. Perhaps because there is something inherently barren about its soil, Lesbos—

Mère des jeux latins et des voluptés grecques—

has received surprisingly little attention from contemporary poets and story-tellers, and, when described, has been described briefly and gloomily. True, we have Baudelaire's poem, Balzac's *Fille aux Yeux d'Or*, a very bad novel by Colette and long passages of *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu* (which suffer, like other episodes of that prodigious book, from Proust's inability to make up his mind whether Albertine is a boyish girl or a girlish boy); but, on the whole, it has never been explored effectively, and if Miss Djuna Barnes' book had no additional merit it would be worth reading inasmuch as it attempts to portray the peculiarly distressful atmosphere of the haunted island—the wild nerve-storms that are perpetually laying it waste.

But *Night Wood* (though not exactly a book one would read for pleasure) is, in many respects, a very remarkable production. Miss Barnes has an almost Elizabethan flow of words. She is the kind of modern writer whose prose-style appears to have been founded on a close study of the mad-speeches in Webster and Tourneur; for she has the same gusto, the same topsy-turvy eloquence, the same wealth of grotesque and lively imagery. No, *Night Wood* is not a comforting book to read. Imagine the worst of hangovers, complicated by acute remorse and extreme retrospective jealousy—all thickened into a view of modern civilisation and contemporary social life that, for bitterness and crazy violence, leaves the darkest chapters of *Ulysses* far behind. There is not a single "sane" character in the entire story; and a narrative peopled by one uncommonly neurasthenic Jew, three unusually dotty Lesbians and a drunken, melancholic Irish doctor who, in his spare time, retires to his squalid attic bedroom and there lies in misery and solitude, wearing a thick mask of paint and powder, a feminine nightgown and a curly Mary Pickford wig, is bound to make heavy demands on the reader's tolerance. Nevertheless, the book has a curious force; and it is to be hoped that no puritanical busybody will take umbrage at its unconventional background and occasionally shocking references. The test of a book's obscenity is said to be its power of corrupting those who are open to corruption; and, had I a daughter whose passions for mistresses and older girls were beginning to cause scandal and alarm, I should certainly insist that she read *Night Wood*. If, after observing the awful fate of Robin, Nora and that particularly horrible woman, Jenny Petherbridge, she did not enter a religious retreat or immediately announce her engagement to some thoroughly eligible young man, I should realise that the time had come to say good-bye: that all I could do was to buy her a dinner-jacket and turn her loose.

A more thorough-going deterrent it would be hard to imagine. Normal jealousy, heaven knows, can be bad enough; but the jealousy of homosexual lovers seems, for some reason, doubly excruciating; and the best and most painful passages of *Night Wood* have to do with Nora's efforts to hold the faithless and irresponsible Robin who leaves her friend's roof to roister round the cafés and night-boxes of Montparnasse, and who, in the end, is entrapped by the grasping, foolish, shallow Jenny Petherbridge. In her portrait of Jenny Petherbridge, Miss Barnes shows just how well she could write if she were content always to write directly and unpretentiously. A great deal of *Night Wood* is neither direct nor unpretentious; and there are moments when the novelist descends to an exceedingly low level of sentimental verbiage. But, elsewhere, though one may be bored, repelled or exasperated, one must needs admit that she shows remarkable fertility of invention, a very uncommon skill in the management of words. *Night Wood* is not only a strangely original but (as I have already indicated) an extremely moral work; and I was not surprised to learn that it appears under the ægis of the most eminent Anglo-Catholic poet of the present day.

Of the remaining novels, I recommend *Foster-Girl* as an interesting and provocative, if not entirely satisfactory, work of literature, and the other three as mild but agreeable entertainment. Half-way through Mr. John Metcalfe's new novel, I decided that it was at least as good as—if not better than—a previous novel that I had read and much admired, *Arms Length*. Unfortunately, the promise of those early and middle chapters is not very well sustained. Mr. Metcalfe has a queer and individual talent. Whereas Miss Djuna Barnes may write of dramatic misery and obstreperous evil, Mr. Metcalfe portrays sorrow, disillusionment and degradation in their subtlest and most evanescent guise. He excels, for instance, in the description of mean streets, squalid houses, seedy inglorious wrong doers who, with coat-collars turned up, stand shivering under the lamp-light, within the radius of some reeking fried-fish shop or shabby ill-famed café-bar. Reading Mr. Metcalfe, one thinks of dismal flea-bitten commons on the outskirts of London where enormities are perpetrated beneath the shelter of threadbare gorse bushes; or one remembers the district that lies between Victoria Station and the Thames—the gallant old prostitutes, flirting their baldish furs or champing their sets of ill-fitting false teeth; the little dubious-looking one-night hotels; the long ashy Pimlico streets where a phantasmal wind seems perpetually to be chasing grit, straws and fragments of ancient newspaper placards. All this Mr. Metcalfe can convey to perfection. Modern county councils may be hard at work demolishing the slums; but even more insidious and more destructive than the atmosphere of the slum is the atmosphere of the semi-slum, where, instead of inky shadows, we find a uniform, unrelieved greyness—instead of violence, suffering and melodrama, a slow process of spiritual disintegration.

Mr. Metcalfe writes clumsily, but he writes cleverly. Three-quarters of his new book is extremely successful; we become deeply concerned with the fate of Sally, the illegitimate daughter of an ex-chorus-girl, who is dragged up through a series of vicissitudes, then sinks down, from prosperity and respectability, into the universe of ponces, crooks and prostitutes. But why need Mr. Metcalfe have localised his visions of evil and doom in such an appallingly, unnecessarily and improbably involved plot? The heroine herself is solid and interesting; Mr. Metcalfe has written one of the few really credible and amusing accounts of adolescent girlhood that I have yet come across; but the mystery surrounding Sally's parentage and the alarums and excursions of the closing chapters are terribly over done. Still, I look forward to Mr. Metcalfe's next volume with the liveliest expectation; and I hope that, when it appears, his publishers will reward him by commissioning a slightly more attractive and less commonplace book-jacket.

It Had to Happen and *Lights are Bright* are pleasantly adequate. Nowadays, Mr. Louis Bromfield's books read as if, while he were writing them, he could never forget the possibility—or probability—of the story being bought up by Hollywood; and *It Had to Happen* would be much better in celluloid than in terms of ink and paper; for it contains just the right amount of characterisation—the right doses of comedy and sentiment—the right opportunities for a modern star. Joan Crawford would do very well as Sarah Jane. Her mother and her mother's friend, Mrs. Lefferty, keep a shabby-genteel boarding-house in a run-down district of New York, an old brown-stone building full of Victorian furniture and elderly eccentric boarders whom they continue to lodge and feed from motives of charity. Both Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty are perfect dears. Each has a scape grace but delightful child—Sarah Jane, who comes home because she is out of a job, and Tommy, also on his uppers, who returns bringing with him a fugitive New York gangster, disguised under the pseudonym of Mr. Grasselli. . . . Well, Mr. Grasselli, alias Monk Maguire, big beer

baron on the run, has the idea of turning the place into a night-club. It is tremendously successful; but Maggie rebels when she realises that she and Mrs. Lefferty and their friends are being exploited as comic characters. Meanwhile, Sarah Jane—lucky girl—has landed a film-contract; and so the story draws to an optimistic close.

Finally, *Lights are Bright* and *Envy* help to remind us that there is nothing new under the sun. I have read a large number of books concerned with long sea voyages; and Miss Anna D. Whyte demonstrates that sea-voyages have changed very little since Mrs. Woolf published *The Voyage Out* in 1915. The passengers still get bored, still drift into sentimental entanglements, still go ashore and have harmless adventures in tropical ports. If you happen to have been on a cruise yourself, a book of this kind will form a very handy receptacle for the impressions that you scribbled in your note-book while your fellow-passengers observed you covertly from their deck-chairs, wondering if you intended to commit that delicious act of treachery—"putting them into a novel." *Lights are Bright* is pleasant and skilful enough. It is easy to read; while *Envy* I found extraordinarily difficult to plough through. Like most modern Russian novels, it is cut out on a distinctly old-Russian pattern. M. Olyesha's humour is derived from Gogol's. It is capricious, fantastic and loves to wreathe itself around the oddities of strange grotesque characters—the successful Soviet official, who is the head of a gigantic Food Trust and has invented the perfect sausage, his brother, an eccentric ne'er-do-well who has contrived a machine (which he nicknames "Ophelia") to annihilate the entire universe, and other personages as rudimentary and broadly comic. We are informed that this novel made Stalin laugh. Evidently it must have lost something in translation. PETER QUENNELL

THE PROFIT IN WAR

The Private Manufacture of Armaments. By PHILIP NOEL-BAKER, with a Prefatory Note by Viscount Cecil. Vol. I. *Gollancz.* 18s.

From this reviewer's recollections of the pre-war years Mr. Noel-Baker's monumental study of the private manufacture of armaments has drawn a deeply-printed memory. It dates from the year 1909, when Mr. Asquith's Government took one of the three or four fatal decisions that led up to the Great War. Yielding, against the will of its abler members, to a panic clamour unsurpassed in modern history, it doubled its naval programme and laid down in a single year no fewer than eight Dreadnoughts. It was losing by-elections: in the streets crowds of young men sang "We want eight, And we won't wait." "An Englishman's Home," with its lurid picture of a German invasion, played to full houses. It fell to the writer to pen the leading articles in which a Liberal daily attempted to oppose this scare. There was no evidence, he argued, of secret building in anticipation of the fixed German programme, and what purported to be evidence came with a manifestly interested motive from the armaments trade. There followed a revolt from the section of its advertisers on which this newspaper relied for a considerable part of its revenue. Meeting in their club the auctioneers and estate-agents organised a boycott that took effect at once in heavy losses that the paper could ill afford. The moral that this experience left in the writer's mind was, to put it in summary words, that in a capitalist society the freedom of the press is rather a theoretical right than a secure privilege.

It is a narrower but no less legitimate moral that Mr. Noel-Baker draws from the careful and dispassionate study of this affair, that stands out as the decisive section of a powerful book. The sole author of this scare was a Mr. Mulliner, manager of an armament firm that was in grave difficulties. Mr. Noel-Baker, whose charity never fails, attributes to him a patriotic motive, but the fact is that his firm turned a loss of £60,000 into a profit of £250,000 as the result of his agitation. He mobilised the Opposition: the popular press repeated and exaggerated his discoveries: the Government, at first sceptical, though the Cabinet condescended to hear him, eventually capitulated completely. His revelations convinced the Admiralty that in "the danger year," 1912, Germany would have thirteen or seventeen Dreadnoughts against the British sixteen: Mr. Balfour went further and predicted twenty-one or more probably twenty-five. In fact when the dreaded year arrived, Germany had nine. No acceleration took place: the "secret Dreadnoughts" were a baseless myth.

So much most of us knew, but by patient research Mr. Noel-Baker is able to uncover the whole argument that threw England

You, too, must decide

This is a true story of two widows. One has two small daughters—the other a baby son. The first has an income of £3 a week—the other is eking out a living by daily work. Yet both had husbands in similar circumstances—both were comfortably off. The first husband took out a Prudential Heritage Policy. A few days after completing the assurance he was killed. Under the terms of the policy the Prudential made an immediate payment to the widow of £100. During the next 20 years the Company will also pay to her an income of £3 a week. When that ceases a final payment of £900 will be made. In all, the family will have received £4,120. The second husband did not insure. He bought a car and could not afford any further financial outlay. He, too, died as a result of an accident. He left the car, partly paid for, and a mortgaged house to his widow. Both men had the same choice as you have, to insure or to leave the future to chance.

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into a panic. Mr. Mulliner had no proof, not even a pretended proof, of secret building. What he alleged, on very dubious evidence, was merely that Krupps had installed some very costly machine tools which could have been used to make the mountings for naval 12-inch guns on a scale beyond the needs of the fixed programme.

If in Essen Krupps could make the guns, somewhere else the ships must have been laid down in secret. That in outline was the whole case. In fact, as the events of August, 1914, revealed, the guns that Krupps was getting ready to construct were land-guns of a surprising power and mobility.

There could be no clearer instance than this Mulliner affair of the root evil of the private manufacture of arms, though one must add that the politicians showed a deplorable lack of character. An interest that thrives on competitive armaments will use all its resources and all its ingenuity to stimulate this competition. The theme is familiar, and a whole library of pamphlets and books in several languages has been written to demonstrate it. Some of them use hectic language. Some drive their attack at the persons of the "merchants of death"—whose cynicism, to be sure, often invites such treatment. Some are insufficiently documented. This book stands in a class by itself. It is written with calm courtesy. It proceeds with the order and objectivity of a scientific treatise. Above all, it is scrupulous in quotation, and gives for every fact and every step in the argument, the most elaborate references. In this familiar field it would not have been easy to discover much new material. The *causes célèbres* were reported in the daily press. The American Senate's enquiry has had ample publicity. But if one encounters in this book much that is familiar, Mr. Noel-Baker by his honesty and accuracy rarely fails to transform it. What had been a commonplace of controversy becomes an established fact of history, soberly told and seen from all sides. The excuses and qualifications are given as fully as the charges. Most of us have heard, for example, that *Le Temps*, once a great and independent organ of national opinion, now belongs to the *Comité des Forges*. But here in convincing detail is the full proof of a fact by no means easy to establish. The range of the book in time and space is, given its accuracy, astonishing. Here are all the leading cases, from Krupps' dealings before the Franco-Prussian war, down to recent affairs in Japan. Here in close parallelism is the evidence that the armaments firms subsidise "patriotic" societies, in England as in America, to push their wares. Here is the clearest evidence that these firms supply impartially friend and foe alike, and sell their secret processes to any buyer. There is a plethora of proof that bribery on a great scale is used, and an analysis of the tricks by which competition is stimulated. Here, too, you may learn how Downing Street and Washington alike stand behind the exporter of arms with all their official backing, or again how normal it is that these firms recruit their staffs and their directorates from the Services and the Ministries. The labour spent on this book by turns amazes the reader and draws from him a cry of gratitude. The writing of it ranks as a great public service.

Few Liberals and no Socialists need to be converted at this date to the general proposition that the private manufacture of arms is an evil. What remains to be done is rather by expert demonstration to meet the case that it must be tolerated since it lends itself readily to expansion in times of crisis and war. This Mr. Noel-Baker promises us in his second volume. One hopes that he will there also face a difficulty of another kind. How much would be gained by socialising the last stages in the manufacture of armaments, if the basic industries that supply the steel and other raw materials remained in private ownership? How far, again, is it feasible to separate the manufacture of explosives from the chemical industry as a whole, or the making of military motors from the civilian industry?

Behind these questions there lurks in the writer's mind a doubt whether it is possible, in considering the causation of war, to isolate armaments as completely as this book does from the rest of capitalist industry. Thus the *Comité des Forges* figures, justly enough, as one of the villains of the piece. But it is much more than an association of armaments firms. It is primarily a steel Trust. Its civilian exceed its military interests, and in matters of labour policy, currency and foreign policy it has been for a generation the dominant organ of property in France. Mr. Noel-Baker justly fixes on it the responsibility for the seizure of the Saar. With equal justice he might have dwelt on its responsibility for the occupation of the Rhineland and the invasion of the Ruhr. Its motive lay in the profit to be drawn from steel, more particularly if the whole production of Europe could be cartellised under French leadership. That cause of strife would have remained hardly less mischievous, even if the *Comité des Forges* had been obliged to sell some of its steel to the Republic to be finished in State workshops as guns and tanks. It was over the iron-ore of Morocco that the heavy industries of Germany and France nearly involved their countries in war before 1914: this raw material has many uses, all of them profitable. One is tempted to go on to question the whole assumption of this book, that it was primarily the Anglo-German naval rivalry that made the Great War. That was, without a doubt, the chief cause in the foregound of men's minds. But is power, naval or military, sought for its own sake? Behind the naval rivalry lay the objective, *Weltmacht*, and that means empire, with all it connotes in economic opportunity. Such reflections in no way lessen the force of the case for socialising the manufacture of arms, but they do suggest that the root of war lies deeper and spreads wider than this specially odious drive for profit.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

"HOME OVER THE TREE TOPS"

River of Golden Sand. By T. WOODROFFE. *Faber*. 8*s*. 6*d*.
Sentenced to Adventure. By SERGE ZOLO. *Harrap*. 8*s*. 6*d*.
No Longer Poles Apart. By HENRY BAERLEIN. *Longmans*. 15*s*.
Isles of the Seven Seas. By COLLINGWOOD INGRAM. *Hutchinson*. 18*s*.
Zambesi Days. By WILFRED ROBERTSON. *Blackie*. 5*s*.
Strange Places and Strange People. By SIR REGINALD ST. JOHNSTON. *Hutchinson*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

This is the season when the sanity of the poor old hack is threatened on all sides. Too many novels and autobiographies confuse him as to his identity. Too many travel books disorient him so that he believes he is aquaplaning up the Congo behind an affable crocodile; or feels like an old lady who said to me at an asylum dance: "I leave here to-morrow. The back door opens into Egypt. I pop through Italy, under Germany and home over the tree tops." Then the growing glamour of the Red Light District draws him to the Park and Trafalgar Square—to raise self-consciously an ink-stained fist. And all the time nostalgic blue October evenings are calling to him to dive back into the arms of the year before last.

Lieutenant Woodroffe may have no psycho-therapeutic recipes to offer, but his *River of Golden Sand* is a pleasant, interesting, readable, unpretentious book. It may be self-consciousness that causes him to write in the third person and re-christen himself Toby, but it is a nice old-fashioned relief to be spared the company of Mr. I . . . I . . . I. Toby is a just-promoted sub who goes East to join a gunboat on the Yangtse. He has a lot of mild adventures, likes dancing and drink and the Chinese. He writes well, is very good about the social life of the English in China, and makes attempts, which are often quite a lot better than those of the plucky little, lucky little ace from Printing House Square, to tackle the landscape. The British Navy equivalent of a Hemingway situation is represented by getting the Skipper off the brandy; there is a dotty missionary who is quite up to Somerset Maugham standard.

Here is a quotation to show sociological talent:

> But how do you mean she goes with the S.N.O.'s box?
>
> Well, each Number One takes her on, you see. Trots her round and that kind of thing. She likes sub-lieutenants, she says, and up to date she's been the perks of the S.N.O.'s Number One. Anyhow, I've told her I'm turning her over to you this afternoon, so you can't get out of it. It's a thrill for her—she has a change about once a month, and you start where the chap you relieved left off. It suits everybody. Well, here's luck. How's Shanghai?

And here is another showing competence:

> It was a mudstorm. The fine precipitated alluvial mud had dried on the exposed shoals in the strong wind and was now being whirled about in the air. It made their eyes smart and they shut themselves down in the wardroom and crowded about the stove. It lasted for five hours.

There might have been some sing-song girls, there might have been a bit more of Mr. Punch in Toby's composition, but when he can forget his infernal British modesty he is agreeably reminiscent of Mr. Midshipman Easy.

Mr. Zolo acknowledges help from Mr. Calder Marshall, who may be the cause of the effective, hard-boiled style in which *Sentenced to Adventure* is written. Mr. Zolo is or was a White Russian who got away soon after October, aged 11. He misses

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out his English education and jumps to Canada, where he worked for the Hudson Bay Company, was some sort of a policeman, smuggled Chinese into U.S.A., ran rum and served a stretch, went to Shanghai as a war correspondent. Back in Canada he was fired from a paper because he wandered into the wrong lavatory at the moment when the city mothers were showing Amy Mollison over the building:

> The president of the Montreal Light Airplane Club came up to me and waved his arms. His head came up to my chin and I looked down at him. He said in a loud voice:
> "You followed Mrs. Mollison into the lavatory . . ."
> "But what on earth for?"
> "You wanted to get a story. You wanted to interview her."
> I burst out laughing.
> "Or you waited for her there. That's what you did. You wanted to get a story."

Altogether a well-above-the-average specimen of the romantic tough's autobiography. It has, too, the impression of a personality, but I should doubt if this is an entirely accurate one as there is singularly little of the Russian about Mr. Zolo as here presented.

Mr. Baerlein wandered about Poland, spending most of his time with an amorous soda-water manufacturer called Teofil. He is a good, even rather subtle, observer, and so long as he remains a silent photographic plate on which to record the Poles there is a lot of pleasure to be got from him. No sooner, however, does he shoot his own mouth than he says something so crashingly obvious that one begins to doubt the validity of his sense impressions. Fortunately for the reader, he doesn't shoot his mouth very often. He is, presumably, intoxicated by Poland and communicates very successfully that mixture of intense melancholic romanticism and grotesque buffoonery which makes the Polish national character one of the oddest in Europe. He is good at collecting natural grim turns of speech from peasants, but one would have liked some more about the remaining specimens of the great Polish landowners. His photographs are excellent.

Mr. Collingwood Ingram's *Isles of the Seven Seas* includes Tahiti, Teneriffe, Sumatra, Kyusku, Little Tobago and Onessant. He exhausts his store of rather ill-assorted words in dishing some fairly interesting chat about Tahiti and proceeds to whiz from island to island like a drugged grasshopper. His photographs are not so good as his publishers think.

The last two books are jokes. *Zambesi Days—The Big-Game Odyssey of a True Sportsman*—is written in Blackwood's magazine style, the style which elephants never forget, "nor do swarms of black ants improve a plate of soup." There are some great photographs, one in particular of the author and a buffalo in which the buffalo looks like Balzac and the author like a buffalo. Every page teems with wild life.

"And now," as Sir Reginald St. Johnston says in his memoirs, *Strange Places and Strange People*, "to return for a moment to that wanderlust which has always been associated in our family with a love of scribbling and general recording of impressions." Sir Reginald had a varied career. He was a medical student, a builder, and several other things before he became a Colonial Governor. His places include the Fiji Islands and the West Indies, his people Lloyd George and "Bartimeus," and his illustrations "Unveiling War Memorials in Antigua" and "A Girl Guide Group in the West Indies." He parodies himself mercilessly.

MAURICE L. RICHARDSON

JUSTICE AS IT MIGHT BE

Justice of the Peace. By LEO PAGE. *Faber and Faber.* 8s. 6d.

This is a book which can be recommended, not only to all magistrates, but to all who are interested in the administration of justice. In short, to everyone. The author, who is a barrister and a county magistrate, has practical knowledge of his subject and does not content himself with generalities. His book is clearly written, well arranged and covers the whole field of magisterial work. Those who, like the present reviewer, wish to see the lay justices reformed, and not abolished, will be especially grateful to Mr. Page, although some of us may be reminded of the late G. K. Chesterton's words in another connection: "What a beautiful thing Liberalism is! What a pity it is there are no Liberals."

Mr. Page is not satisfied with the present state of things. Age and infirmity on the bench, neglect of the rules of evidence, "supporting" the police, the dangers of police advocacy, the position of the magistrates' clerk, political appointments and nearly all the other criticisms which have been made in the NEW STATESMAN and elsewhere are dealt with in this book, with examples and instances in illustration. The author says on page 264:

> It would be idle to pretend that there is not widespread public dissatisfaction with courts of summary jurisdiction to-day. There are reforms which must be introduced if the present system of their administration is not inevitably to be swept away.

And this is the considered opinion of an experienced magistrate.

I had been under the impression that the summary courts of the southern counties were comparatively free from the evils which exist in the Midlands, the North and the West. Apparently I was wrong, except that in the South there are fewer of what Mr. Page describes as "a type of borough bench, especially in small towns, from which it would be foolish even to hope for any substantial improvement until drastic changes are made in the personnel of the magistracy." It is probable, too, that in the South the magistrates' clerk is of less importance in the court than in other districts where he often counts for far more than the chairman, or, indeed, the whole bench. Incidentally, Mr. Page says on p. 37 that Lord Hewart, in delivering judgment in a recent case "quoted" the old saying: "It is of fundamental importance that justice should not only be done, but should manifestly and undoubtedly appear to be done." The Lord Chief Justice was merely, as he has done more than once, repeating what he himself said in the case of R. *v.* Sussex Justices, in 1924, when dealing with a case in which a magistrates' clerk was concerned.

Writing from over twenty-five years' experience as an advocate in the "Police" Courts I am interested to find how often Mr. Page has noticed not only where, but why, the shoe pinches. Probably his former experience at the bar, and his present position as Vice-Chairman of a County Probation Committee and of the Visiting Justices of a prison, have helped. There are a few points on which his book, mainly because of the necessity of writing for laymen, may be a little misleading. For instance, an appeal by way of case stated, as described on p. 64, seems to be a delightfully simple process. Those who think so are likely to be surprised should they try it. And what is said on the following page as to statutory declarations in vaccination cases may easily be misunderstood.

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EXTRACT FROM PAGE 396

Onward to the dead sea they tramp to drink, unslaked and with horrible gulpings, the salt somnolent inexhaustible flood. And the equine portent grows again, magnified in the deserted heavens, nay to heaven's own magnitude, till it looms, vast, over the house of Virgo. And, lo, wonder of metempsychosis, it is she, the everlasting bride, harbinger of the daystar, the bride, ever virgin. It is she, Martha, thou lost one, Millicent, the young, the dear, the radiant. How serene does she now arise, a queen among the Pleiades, in the penultimate antelucan hour, shod in sandals of bright gold, coifed with a veil of what do you call it gossamer!

EXTRACT FROM PAGE 11

He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk, not hers. Old shrunken paps. She poured again a measureful and a tilly. Old and secret she had entered from a morning world, maybe a messenger. She praised the goodness of the milk, pouring it out. Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field, a witch on her toadstool, her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs. They lowed about her whom they knew, dewsilky cattle. Silk of the kine and poor old woman, names given her in old times. A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayor, their common cucquean, a messenger from the secret morning. To serve or to upbraid, whether he could not tell: but scorned to beg her favour.

EXTRACT FROM PAGE 714

the rain was lovely just after my beauty sleep I thought it was going to get like Gibralter my goodness the heat there before the levanter came on black as night and the glare of the rock standing up in it like a big giant compared with their 3 Rock mountain they think is so great with the red sentries here and there the poplars and they all whitehot and the mosquito nets and the smell of the rainwater in those tanks watching the sun all the time weltering down on you faded all the lovely frock fathers friend Mrs Stanhope sent me from the B Marche Paris

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On questions of punishment and prisons the book is of unequal value. Much of what is said about professional criminals, short sentences, first offenders, and probation is obviously sound. But it is to be doubted whether the general public will agree with the author in regarding as ridiculous the suggestion that the question of sentence should be considered by a different tribunal from that which decides whether the offender is proved to be guilty. The late Mr. Justice Avory was very efficient in ensuring that a criminal trial was carried out in strict accordance with the law, but was he fitted to decide on the appropriate sentence in a case involving a sexual element?

But, as Lord Roche says in his admirable Foreword, "this is a good, a very good book."

SOLICITOR

THE SERVICE OF MAMMON

Veblen. By J. A. HOBSON. (Modern Sociologists.) *Chapman and Hall.* 6s.

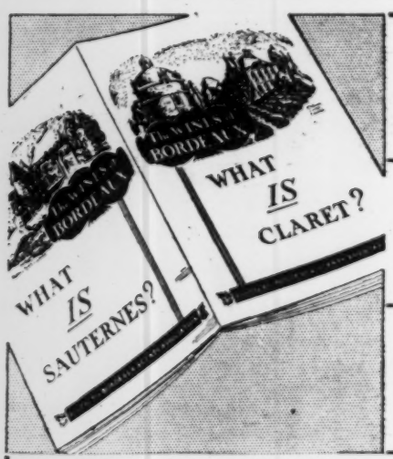
English readers know little of Veblen except that he wrote about the leisured class and, perhaps, that he invented the phrase "conspicuous waste." And that is curious, because this theory of his is the most definitely sociological part of his work, and sociology has not, until recently, aroused much interest in England. His other writings, which gave him the position of an intellectual leader in America, are economic and political. Whatever the cause of our ignorance, there is no excuse for it now. Mr. Hobson's entirely excellent study expounds Veblen's theories with clarity, fairness and a proper measure of criticism, and it does so in a way which enables one easily to realise his importance. The high standard set by the first volumes in this series has been fully maintained.

Veblen was a man with a message. He was an evangelist. His message, though intellectually conceived, had the quality of revelation, because it struck the scales from the eyes of his disciples and enabled them to see familiar things in a new light, a light in which these appeared sometimes menacing, but as often absurd and faintly ridiculous. And the things in question were American. The limitations that the special origin of his thought and the special character of his audience imposed on his reasoning are well disclosed by Mr. Hobson. When the necessary reservations have been made, a great deal remains that is fit for general consumption.

If one were to search for a common theme in Veblen's various writings one might find it in his constant endeavour to expose the queer, insensate and often suicidal behaviour to which men are driven in the service of mammon. He addressed his most urgent warning to the world of industry. Financiers had usurped control from the true industrialists and technicians, and, in their blind pursuit of monetary gain, they would, he argued, be led step by step to curtail production and eventually to sabotage the industrial machine, landing themselves and everybody else in an economic crisis of intense severity. Capitalism would collapse, he said, not through war, but because of its inability to organise for peace. Like Marx, he saw an inherent contradiction within the capitalist system, but it lay between finance and industrialism, not between bourgeoisie and proletariat. This is, as it were, the public behaviour of the slaves of money. Their private behaviour shows the same qualities. The rich express their superiority through "conspicuous leisure" and "conspicuous waste"; that is to say, by forms of ostentation which are deliberately purposeless, futile and unproductive. Such performances have social value, because only the rich can afford to indulge in them. In both cases we can observe a code of ideas derived from the worship of money which is utterly oblivious of the real task of the economic system, namely the utilisation of human labour for the satisfaction of human needs.

All this smacks of economic determinism. For Veblen's theory of leisure and waste shows that the choice of pursuits that are economically unprofitable is controlled, not by non-economic motives of pure enjoyment, but by the necessity of expressing economic superiority. "The corset is, in economic theory, substantially a mutilation, undergone for the purpose of lowering the subject's vitality and rendering her permanently and obviously unfit for work." But Veblen exposes the whole structure of his analysis to subversive attack by admitting the existence of another drive, idle curiosity, which leads to equally unprofitable activities and is not economic in origin. But it is not the business of the sociologist to discover one principle that explains everything. Veblen was trying to reduce the area of guess-work in the application of economic theory to real life by studying the behaviour of those "other things" that are never "equal." His methods were scientific and he had the courage to put his conclusions to the test of prophecy. That alone makes modern sociology his debtor.

T. H. MARSHALL



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Painting in the Netherlands. Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. By E. G. TROCHE. *Zwemmer.* 21s.

German Painting of the Sixteenth Century. By W. R. DEUSCH. *Zwemmer.* 21s.

Italian Painting of the Sixteenth Century. By MAX GOERING. *Zwemmer.* 21s.

These volumes are "made in Germany," and remarkably good value: each of them contains 104 excellent photogravure reproductions of a very practical size—between three and four times as big as a post-card. The gentlemen who write the introductions talk some terrible nonsense of the sort which is making German scholarship an object no longer of envy, but of ridicule. Herr Troche, for instance, does his duty with talk of "the old Germanic feeling for nature," and "the great Nordic art of portraiture." About Hugo van der Goes, again, he ingenuously writes: "We would like to think that what was new and revolutionary again came from Holland, where in Zeeland there is a place called Ter Goes, and not from the confines of the town of Ghent where Hugo was first active." (Ghent, you see, is inadequately Nordic.) But to satisfy Herr Deusch's patriotism, such hopeful conjectures are not adequate: he prefers the simple fib. "When Dürer at the age of thirteen," he writes, "took up his pencil and traced that, albeit (*sic*) somewhat angular, image of himself, which is now in the Albertina, he produced the first self-portrait in the history of European art. But more than that his act was symbolic for the future of German Art," etc., etc. The fact is that self-portraits, sometimes very realistic, occur in medieval manuscripts. (Look at the self-portrait at the Hague—dated 1371—of Jacques Boudol presenting his book to Charles V.) Ghiberti put his portrait on both the early and the late Baptistry doors at Florence. Benozzo Gozzoli painted himself, with his name written on his hat, in the Riccardi Palace frescoes. There is a self-portrait by

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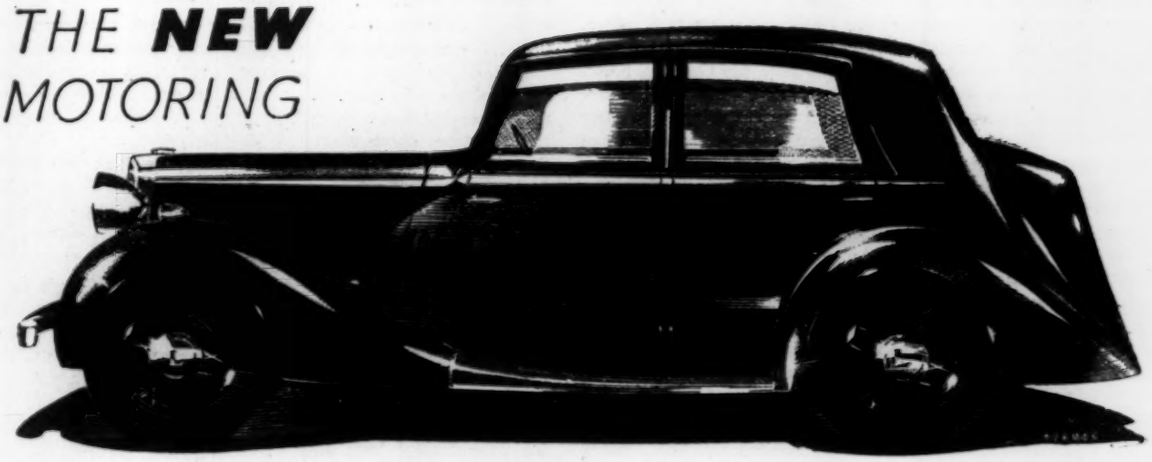

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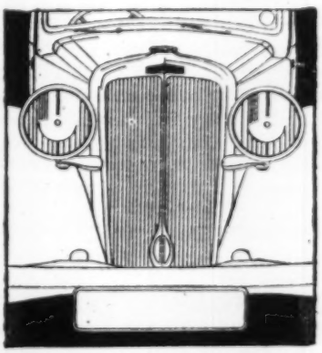

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Fouquet in the Louvre, a self-portrait by Antonello da Messina in the National Gallery. All these are earlier than Dürer's drawing. But Herr Deusch is concerned with the glorification of German man, not with anything so humble as the mere facts. And we are not surprised when in the following paragraph he goes on to declare that "the Italian artist has no interest in the individual as such, nor indeed in the appearance of life around him." Evidently Italian artists were more interested in producing works of art than in representation for its own sake. The same is true of all good painters, including the few good painters who have been German. But the illustrations in the companion volume to Herr Deusch's provide the completest refutation to the theory that the Italians were not interested in the individual. Bronzino's *Young Sculptor* from the Louvre, Raphael's *Cardinal* from the Prado, Vasari's *Lorenzo* from the Uffizi, Tintoretto's *Venier* from Vienna, and Titian's *Paul III and his two Nephews* from Naples—these are all portraits in which the painter shows his psychological interest in the individuality of his model. And the Quattrocento is little less rich in such portraits than the Cinquecento. The Italians, in fact, not only were alone in their mastery of the Grand Manner, but outdid their Northern contemporaries even in portraiture. It is not till the 17th century that the Italians lost pride of place, with the advent of Rubens, Rembrandt, Poussin and Velasquez.

Indeed, these volumes are good propaganda for German book-production, but bad propaganda for German painting. Dürer was a remarkably gifted and enterprising person, but when Herr Deusch writes that "For spiritual profundity and greatness of vision, and as an artist of universal significance, only one other man of his epoch—Leonardo—was his equal," this is the mere frenzy of jingoism. Gruenewald, again, is a curious and surprising artist, but it is just silly to talk of him, in the way Germans often do, as if he were comparable to Greco. Among neurotic painters he takes a very high place. On the whole, it is fair to say that German painting becomes interesting only when it becomes neurotic. Hans Baldung Grien, again, succeeds principally in rousing surprise. And Cranach, the most charming of all German painters, wins us as much by the provocative sauciness of his models as by his lovely line. Even the best German paintings lack the qualities conspicuous in the German music, controlled emotion, spontaneous grace and intellectual nobility.

The over-expressiveness and wilful singularity which disfigure German painting are to be found also in the minor Flemings, such as Geertgen Tot Sint Jans and the Master of the Virgo inter Virgines. Bosch and Breughel succeed in infecting us with their own interest in odd shapes, but Van Eyck and Van der Goes stand apart from and above all the others. Petrus Christus is capable of extraordinary things—in Berlin there is a lovely *Annunciation* as well as the marvellous *Portrait* reproduced by Herr Troche. But looking through these volumes, one is again overwhelmed by the prodigious superiority in the sixteenth century of Italian to all other painting. It is not merely that Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto and Correggio are individuals of extraordinary genius. Take Bartolommeo Veneto's Frankfort picture of a girl holding some flowers. It has been attributed to Dürer, who was evidently a far more gifted man. But how much more satisfying this picture is than anything Dürer ever did. And if you compare it with Hans Burgkmair's Cologne picture of a young man similarly holding a flower, the contrast between the two schools becomes apparent to the most obtuse eye, a contrast all the more striking because Bartolommeo came under German influence, and Burgkmair under Italian.

Similarly enlightening comparisons could be made between many pictures in these three volumes, which are the more to be recommended because only a dozen of the three hundred and twelve plates show works in English collections. The price of these books should ensure their successful sale as sure-fire Christmas presents.

R. M.

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NEW VAN GOGH LETTERS

Letters to an Artist. From Vincent van Gogh to Anton Ridder van Rappard. Translated from the Dutch by RELA VAN MESSEL. *Constable*. 14s.

These fifty-eight new letters—an important addition to the mass of Van Gogh letters—were written in 1881–5 to a young Dutch painter, Van Rappard, whom Van Gogh met at the Brussels academy. They begin at the point when Van Gogh, after an unsuccessful love affair with a young widow, was working furiously in an outhouse ("mixing earth with his paints") and dismaying his parents by his silences and strange manner. Van Rappard was apparently a wealthy man: one barrier between them. His work, too, was smooth and accomplished and (one gathers) without the passion which Van Gogh was beginning to put into his sodden landscapes and black interiors.

> . . . I do not know whether he is the person with whom I might work and live, for financial reasons. But I shall certainly go and visit him again. The impression he made on me was that he takes things seriously.

The correspondence, interrupted by occasional meetings at Etten and the Hague, lasted four years. In 1885 Van Rappard turned round and made a savage attack on *The Potato Eaters*, the picture for which Van Gogh had done innumerable studies, and Van Gogh returned the letter with a one-line note. Van Rappard's letter is printed here. Some of his criticism (the cramped attitudes and a lack of relation between the figures) may be just, but obviously the difference between the two men goes deeper than this particular picture. He must have known that the wild accusation of superficiality—"why should you be so superficial in your way of viewing and treating everything?"—would cause a break, and no doubt he wished to be free of an awkward friend. Gauguin, afterwards, was hardly more fortunate in his relations with Van Gogh, and Van Rappard had not Gauguin's genius. No doubt their real quarrel, as usual in such cases, was genius and the lack of it; genius *and* unsuccess can be extremely awkward qualities in a friend. It seems probable, too, that Van Rappard was incapable of the degree of friendship which Van Gogh, disappointed in love, was offering; many of the letters printed here are six and eight pages long. One would like to see the replies.

While the friendship lasted Van Gogh wrote with warm sympathy. These letters, although they form so brief an interlude, are hardly less interesting than the correspondence with his brother, sent out from the same solitude. Most of their discussion is about painting, about landscape and life in village and city. He was reading Zola, Erckmann-Chatrian, Dickens, Coppée, George Eliot, Tom Hood; of these Dickens and Zola seem to have been the favourites. Among painters he loved those who depicted the common life; and a curious list of names they make,

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from Millet to de Bock. He collected the *Graphic*, back to its first numbers, for the sake of the drawings of London types. Some of this enthusiasm was shared by Van Rappard; but one wonders how much. The spattering of French in the opening pages seems, not perhaps designed to impress, but an attempt to smooth the habitual bluntness of his style. Halfway through comes the curious episode of the prostitute and her two children, whom Van Gogh supported until the machinations of a grasping old mother made their relations intolerable. The account here does not differ much, in detail or attitude, from what Vincent wrote to his brother Theo. This correspondence as a whole, brief though it is, repeats Van Gogh's statement of faith as an artist, and anyone who has read the magnificent letters already published will find here the same integrity and heroism. The price of the book, by the way, seems unnecessarily high; and though some awkwardness in the English may be due to the original, surely phrases like "exposition" for "exhibition" are the fault of the translator.

G. W. STONIER

HOGARTH AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

William Hogarth: The Cockney's Mirror. By MARJORIE BOWEN. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

Miss Bowen's is the first important study of Hogarth to be published in England for thirty years. Indeed Austin Dobson's standard work was first published in 1879, and his *édition de luxe* of 1902 differs principally in the addition of an exhaustive bibliography and *catalogue raisonné*. Though Miss Bowen's book is the result of years of study, it owes its value less to the discovery of new biographical material than to the exceptional clarity and vigour with which she has painted in the background of eighteenth-century London. The authorities for an honest, unadventurous life remain the same rather uninspiring group: John Nichols, George Steevens, Isaac Reed, the *Supplement* to Ireland's edition of the prints containing Hogarth's own notes and jottings; even Horace Walpole, trout among such minnows, sadly disappoints in the estimate of Hogarth's genius which he included in his *Anecdotes of Painting in England*. All this familiar material Miss Bowen represents faithfully, but her first section, "The Scene: London 1697–1764," adds something of her own which compensates for the loss of Dobson's verbal felicity.

Her sub-title indicates her view that, for all his sheer genius in paint, Hogarth's unique claim on our attention consists in the energetic and veracious chronicle he presents of life and manners in eighteenth-century London. In thirty packed and brilliant pages she gives us a picture as ferocious and wretched, and as difficult to refute or to forget, as any of the famous engravings themselves: squalor, disorder and uproar in the streets; in the churches, the law-courts and the universities mental and moral stagnation; "brutal crimes resultant from an unpoliced society, brutal punishments meted out by old laws no one troubled to reform, a grotesque medley of Puritanical restraints and cynic licence in manners and morals." Perhaps the dominant impression left by renewed study of the series of Hogarth's moralities is one of frantic confusion rather than vice: in scene after scene we come upon the symbol of the overturned chair, until in the appalling *Gin Lane* the very houses reel and stagger. In the midst of all this misery and disorder how refreshing it is to contemplate the *bourgeois*, well-ordered household in the Chiswick "villakin," whither Hogarth would bring children from the Foundling Hospital to enjoy a day in the country and to play with the dogs. In the satirist's domestic life we may rediscover that restraint and dignity which, concentrating our attention on certain masterpieces of literature, architecture and furniture, we have come to regard as characteristic of the entire age. Miss Bowen, however, goes too far when she describes the taste of the age as being, in general, no better than the morals; she cannot forget that Hogarth spent a great part of his life warring against "gaudy, senseless ornament" and the indiscriminate raptures of the half-baked *cognoscenti* over their "old black masters."

But the *cognoscenti* and the foolish aristocracy were too strong for him; and the creator of the glorious *Marriage à la Mode* set, the still astonishing *Shrimp Girl*, and all those superb portraits (*Bishop Hoadly*, *Lord Lovat*, *Lavinia Fenton*, to name a few—and that enchanting child *The Hon. Edward Montagu*, shown at Burlington House two years ago) spent his days in fruitless wrangles and sad attempts to demonstrate his ability in "the grand historical style." Constant neglect and contempt even led the sturdy pugnacious little man to doubt at moments his own worth, and Miss Bowen's keen eye discerns behind the superficial confidence of his self-portraits "a subtle hint of that uncertainty which runs through all the output of this fine artist and honest man who had it in him to be something more than he ever was."

This admirably illustrated volume needed more care in punctuation and paragraphing, and some odd misprints have been passed, *e.g.* "the curious *people* [steeple] of St. George's, Bloomsbury." But full lists and illuminating analyses of the principal paintings and engravings make it a most useful possession, while the author's historical knowledge and sympathy with her subject must commend it to all admirers of the most English of all the great English artists.

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The Unknown Murderer. By THEODOR REIK. *Hogarth Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One does not need to be a priest, or even a catechumen, of the Freudian doctrine to be interested by this, the most recent volume in the International Psycho-Analytical Library. The translation, by Dr. Katharine Jones, is notably free from technical jargon, and the psycho-analytical theories applied in it are for the most part of the simpler and easily acceptable sort. The author is concerned with the mind and methods of the murderer, the detective, the judge and the jury. He suggests that the one fatal little mistake which the murderer is proverbially supposed to make is in fact the expression of an unconscious desire for punishment. He further maintains that prosecution, judge and jury are apt to be unduly swayed by sadistic impulses and the desire to feel omnipotent. (Such English judges as Avory would provide admirable case-material to support this hypothesis.) A number of murders and murder-trials, mostly German, and including some hideous miscarriages of justice, are drawn upon to illustrate these contentions. There is also an elaborate analogy made between the methods of modern criminology and the processes by which witch-doctors among backward peoples claim to detect guilt. This analogy is not very convincing. Otherwise the chief fault of the book is its length, for the interesting and highly probable hypotheses of the author could have been expounded in a work only one-third the length of this.

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Interest and Prices. KNUT WICKSELL. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

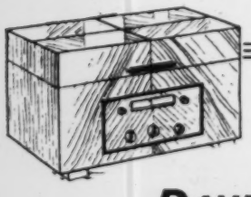
Crises and Cycles. WILHELM RÖPKE. *Hodge.* 10s. 6d.

The Framework of the Pricing System. E. H. PHELPS BROWN. *Chapman and Hall.* 10s. 6d.

Of varying degrees of difficulty, these four works are all addressed to the specialist student of economics. Von Haberler's *Theory of International Trade, with Its Applications to Commercial Policy*, the most important and comprehensive study of the subject since Taussig's *International Trade*, contains in addition to a full theoretical statement an adequate and up-to-date account of the various attempts, restrictive and otherwise, at State regulation over the last half-dozen years; no serious student should miss it. The same can be said of Knut Wicksell's *Interest and Prices* (Geldzins und Guterpreise) a classic dating from 1898 but hitherto available only in German. It contains the germs of much of the most valuable work since accomplished in the field of trade cycle theory. Prof. Wilhelm Röpke's *Crises and Cycles*, based on his *Krise und Konjunktur* of 1932, is a manifesto of the most extreme and uncompromising *laisser-faire* combined with a critique of the most important contemporary trade cycle theories. As the author himself says in his Preface, it is a pity that *Crises and Cycles* was completed just too soon to include a discussion of Mr. Keynes' *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. Mr. Phelps Brown, the only English economist on the list, has had an excellent idea competently if rather forbiddingly carried out. *The Framework of the Pricing System* is addressed to the serious beginner and is a study of the technique of economic analysis itself, isolated from the descriptive and illustrative of historical matter with which it is ordinarily mingled. The standard of difficulty is roughly that of the well-known Cambridge Economic Handbooks; some of the exposition might be clearer, but once the student has accepted its inevitable aridity and a rather trying style he should find it notably useful.

Portugal: A Book of Folk Ways. By RODNEY GALLOP. *Cambridge University Press.* 15s.

It is to be hoped that the prosaic title of this book will not keep away readers, because here indeed is a book of enchantment. The author, whose knowledge of Portugal extends over a long period, gives us first a general account of the country, of the fishermen of Lisbon, of the vine-growers around Oporto, the grain-growers in the South, of the University town of Coimbra, which is perhaps the only university where the romantic and not the athletic student is at a premium. Except for these few towns the country is pastoral, and the rest of the book deals with the traditional beliefs and customs and the folk music and literature of these pastoral people. Among them there is a deep-rooted belief in the malign influences of *bruxaria* (witchcraft) and *feiticeria* (enchantment), with rituals of exorcism and propitiation very similar to those existing in the East. The saints have tremendous responsibilities among the Portuguese and they are invoked, or cursed, as the case may be, in this fashion: "St. Goncalo of Amarante, Marrier-off of old women, Why don't you find husbands for young ones, What harm have they done to you?" Or, "St. John, Don't let this summer pass, Give me a sweetheart, St. John, a sweetheart for I would wed." In their songs, especially among the Basques, there is much sly satirical humour at the expense of the priests. There is also an interesting chapter on the *Fado* or melodramatic songs sung by the *Fadista*, or "Roughs," chiefly in Lisbon.



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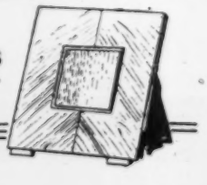

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE first full recording to be published in England of a work by a great composer is something of an event; so I start this article with what I hope will be taken as a pæan of praise of Bruckner's *Seventh Symphony*, recorded by Eugène Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra (H.M.V. DB2626–32). Bruckner has never been given much of a chance over here, where his affinity with Elgar, which might have endeared him to the British public, seems to have escaped notice. Indeed, it was not until Nikisch produced this particular symphony at Leipzig that the composer's greatness was recognised even in Central Europe; and Brahms held out against him to the end. His faults are long-windedness, instrumentation that is sometimes clumsy, and a symphonic structure at once rigid, awkward and ill-knit. These blemishes, however, are much less apparent in the *Seventh Symphony* than in the others, and the thematic material is really superb—the expression of a mind at once deeply emotional, noble, and naive. I personally admire the *Eighth* even more than the *Seventh*, but there could be no better introduction to Bruckner than the latter. The present rendering is most imposing and sonorous—perhaps almost too sonorous for most gramophones; but there is no doubt about Ormandy's masterly conducting. Beethoven is represented this month by two major works: the *Trio in D, Op.* 70, played by Hephzibah and Yehudi Menuhin and Maurice Eisenberg (H.M.V. DB2879–81), and the *Hammerklavier Sonata*, played by Wilhelm Kempff (Decca CA8254–8). The first is quite one of the finest examples of the master's middle period—a tragically dramatic, Miltonesque work, which requires iron strength and considerable intellectual power in the executants. The present ensemble are almost, but not quite, up to the task: they necessarily lack the maturity without which it is impossible to interpret such works as this. But their performance is more than respectable. The *Hammerklavier* is of course an even tougher job. I believe this to be the first recording of this sonata. No doubt it is ungracious to wish that it had been made by Egon Petri; but Herr Kempff, fine pianist as he is in many ways, cannot be said to rise to this occasion. The sonata is one of the most terrific, inexorable works of art in existence and has to be rendered with a restrained violence of which only the very greatest pianists are capable. Herr Kempff plays it in far too amiable a way, and in some places his reading of the actual notes differs from the Schnabel edition, which one supposes to be the definitive one. His playing of the *Adagio* is not nearly weighty enough; the Fugue, however, comes off well, and the whole must be described as a brave attempt at what is almost impossible—successful enough at any rate to make the records worth buying by all who wish to study one of the most astonishing works of all time—music which contains the germ of every harmonic and formal audacity exploited since it was composed. But this very high mountain air is not always healthy, and Mozart's *Piano Concerto in A* (K488) provides a perfect change; it is one of the best known and most beautiful of the set, and the sad Sicilienne movement a typically lovely inspiration. The performance, by Mme Marguerite Long and the Orchestre Symphonique of Paris under Philippe Guibert (Col. LX527–9), is a very good one. Mme Long has softened her generally rather hard style for the occasion, and the balance between solo instrument and orchestra is adroitly achieved. Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra have produced an excellent and moderately priced version of Elgar's *Enigma Variations* (Decca K837–40). Though perhaps a little on the rough-and-ready side (the *tempi* seem hurried at times), this has all the essentials of a good

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performance. Those who can afford it, however, will probably still prefer Dr. Adrian Boult's version, made not long ago by H.M.V. Rossini's enchanting *Overture* to the opera *L'Italiana in Algeri*, has been given an astonishingly brilliant recording by Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra (H.M.V. DB2943), in which the force and the delicacy are equally startling. Russian Ballet fans will certainly wish to acquire Tchaikovsky's *Aurora's Wedding Ballet Music*, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Efrem Kurtz (H.M.V. C2853-5). Though designed to display the skill of dancers' legs, this music stands very well on its own. The performance is quite good, excellent in the solo passages, but otherwise somewhat lacking in *brio*. A piece as hackneyed as the *Barcarolle* from the *Tales of Hoffmann* is very difficult indeed to listen to as with new ears; but, if one can manage it, one realises what extremely pretty music it is. At all events, Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra do all that can be done—with this and other excerpts from the opera—to make this possible for us (Col. LX530).

It seems high time the mid-nineteenth century song composer, Robert Franz, was more widely known in this country; standing midway between Schumann and Wolf, he had some of the virtues of both and an individual note besides. Now here we have six of his songs—*Auf dem Meere, Für Musik, Vergessen, Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen, Gute Nacht*, and *Es hat die Rose sich beklagt* —sung by Ernst Wolff to his own accompaniment (Col. DX749). This selection does not seem to me a good one: the songs are, with the exception of the last, all early ones, whereas Franz's middle and last periods were his best; but *Für Musik, Gute Nacht*, and *Es hat die Rose* are worth hearing. The singing, on the other hand, is inadequate and amateurish. Kirsten Flagstad gives us Grieg's perennially appealing *Ich liebe Dich* and *Ein Traum* (H.M.V. DA1505). With the best will in the world I cannot care greatly for Mme. Flagstad's Lieder-singing: she uses overmuch *rubato* and the tone of her voice is unsuitably flat and sounds very coarse—at least on the gramophone. Two coloratura arie from Act 3 of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*—"The incense rises" and "Cover with bitter tears"—are deftly sung by Lina Pagliughi with orchestra (Parl. E11306), though the latter seems a little faint. Wladislaw Ladis, with the Berlin Symphony Orchestra, does more than justice to two very commonplace arie from Moniuszko's opera, *Halka* (Parl. R2251); I should like to hear this excellent singer in something more worthy of his talents.

Dance records held over till next month, for reasons of space.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 344

Set by Philip Jordan

"What will you do in the next war, Daddy?"

Well, what will you do, supposing that the next war is as improper as the last was?

We offer our usual prizes for the most original method of making oneself as comfortable as possible, combined with practicability. Cynicism not banned; but anyone going off to the South Seas disqualified.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 23rd.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 342

Set by Frederick Laws

A friend of mine was recently described, to his considerable annoyance, as "Just a New Statesman sort of creature." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best character study of a typical NEW STATESMAN AND NATION reader. It may be in prose or verse, but must not exceed 200 words.

Report by Frederick Laws

It appears that there are a great many NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers who have pronounced views on the characteristics of a typical reader. Those who disliked their typical reader were on the whole more successful than those who considered him England's only hope. The prose entries were better than those in verse. Several people had the temerity to use the heroic couplet for rollicking purposes. Not one of the fifty-six competitors gave an exact estimate of the income of the typical reader, and very few gave him a definite profession. The general theory seems to be that he is a young man with long hair, glasses, baggy trousers, vaguely progressive views on everything, and no political effectiveness. There were few convincing complete portraits sent in, but many competitors were brilliant in patches. Here is a collection of snippets. To begin with the versifiers:

A neurotic sort of creature with a socialistic pose
Engendered by the paper which has taught him all he knows.
(Bally Hoo.)

Comes the week-end, he to the country drives
With THE NEW STATESMAN and his favourite wives
There to enjoy, in intellectual mood
Bouts of compulsive bathing in the nude.
(Ionic.)

With the same temperate abuse
He speaks of Heaven and of Hitler
The cooking of the national goose,
The cooking of the licensed victualler.
R. E. Latham.

"He has read a book on money. He is deeply read in book reviews and can discuss any book of moment, before he has read it." (J. Conn).

"He sought culture as a dog seeks trees, and he read—with abandon." (N.A.S.)

Someone called Lady Lucinda Hoxton feels that readers of this journal are *unmoorish*. I had great pleasure in eliminating William Bliss because his entry began with the phrase "In order clearly to envisage." O.H.K.S. produced the pastiche I had hoped for, but was too long and too late. "Withal though he be not an open riotour he excuseth such as do gather tumultuouslie to the disturbance of the Kinge's Peace and Sovraintie, and he disdaineth and wearieth never of gibing and scouting at lawfulle Magistrates."

I recommend that the First Prize go to D. C. R. Francombe. Alice Herbert and Richard Pomfret, who came far behind, share the Second Prize. Unfortunately I have no space to print their entries.

THE PARNHAMS.

The Parnhams—so probably Arnold,
so inimitably Janet—
come in on Friday,
missing, I see,
a preparatory Committee
for the World Conference on Sexology.
(Memo: Get
nuts, marmite
and coffee sugar;
finish Bill's yellow pullover.)
I wish we
had the Parnhams' energy.
They bother
and it must lead somewhere or other.
I wish we knew
Good from Bad,
and had
God, education, sex, art, politics and life
taped.
I wish I wasn't interested in Royalty
and hadn't been happy
at school.
Bill, too (dear me!
this England) inclined to C. of E. . . .
It simplifies
to despise.
But it will be fun
to use words like masturbation
quite ordinarily.
I wonder, if I bought
them, whether Bill would wear sandals?
Ought
one to hide *The Times*?

D. C. R. FRANCOMBE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 198.—"LAST TRUMP"

By *F. Mortimer Wentworth.*

"Last Trump" is a little-known game played with ordinary playing-cards, the number of cards used depending upon the whim of the

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SUITABLE for writer in search of seclusion. Modern furnished house to let for six months or less. Facing south over St. Bride's Bay, Pembrokeshire. Maximum window space. Large living room (centrally heated), study, five bedrooms. Garage. 3½ guineas weekly. JAMES, "Moorings," Copperkins Lane, Amersham, Bucks.

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WANTED to rent, unfurnished, four-roomed flat with bath and kitchen. Bloomsbury preferred, but quiet and atmosphere essential. Box 428, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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THOSE desiring UNFURNISHED ROOMS in Hampstead, own decorating, reasonable rents, in quiet house with garden, some with coal fires, please write Box 436, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. One Attic Flat.

SWITZERLAND. To be Let Furnished, winter sports, peasant's Mountain Chalet, with maid. RIDLEY, Malthouse Farm, Plumpton, Sussex.

'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the [New Statesman and] Nation holds it no sin to tarre them on to Controversy.'—*Hamlet*.

At the present time the Parties of the Left are divided upon a score of desperately controversial issues: What sort of a United Front do we want?—Are we betraying the Spanish workers?—Should we support the Government against the Arabs in Palestine?—Should we support the Government in a war against Nazi Germany?—Were the Moscow trials a frame-up?—Is the T.U.C. right?—Is M. Blum right?—Is the Comintern right? If unity is to be reached, it can only be after the fullest discussion of these and other urgent problems. Where, in print, can that discussion take place? The correspondence columns of THE NEW STATESMAN, but where else? We believe that we are rendering a vital service to the cause of Socialism in issuing the first number of *CONTROVERSY*, which is to be a *genuine* Left Forum, open equally and fairly to Socialists of every shade of opinion, and absolutely free from any form of sectarian censorship. In declaring that you simply cannot afford to miss *CONTROVERSY*, we are not blowing our own trumpet, but are stressing the need for fuller and freer discussion between conflicting sections of the Socialist Movement. Vol. 1, No. 1, is just out, price 3*d*.; postal subscription, six months 1*s*. 9*d*., twelve months 3*s*. 6*d*.: from the Socialist Bookshop, 35, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, or from Messrs. W. H. Smith's.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. After October. Wed. & Sat.

APOLLO. The Fugitives. Wed., Sat.

COLISEUM. The Desert Song. W., Th., Sat.

COMEDY. Spread It Abroad. Tues., Fri.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Spring Tide. Wed. & Sat.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Sats.

LYRIC. Charles the King. Thurs., Sats.

MERCURY. Murder in the Cathedral. F., S.

PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Jane Eyre. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. Marigold. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' Wed., Sat.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Wed. & Sat.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. "Mademoiselle." Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. W., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
MARY CLARE in
AFTER OCTOBER.
By RODNEY ACKLAND.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE FUGITIVES, by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
PHYLLIS DARE. EDWIN STYLES.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
THE DESERT SONG,
with EDITH DAY and HARRY WELCHMAN.

COMEDY. (Whi. 2578.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
SPREAD IT ABROAD. (Revue.)
Nelson KEYS. Madge ELLIOT. Cyril RITCHARD.
Hermione Gingold. Lyle Evans.

DRURY LANE. Tem. 7171. 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

DUCHESS, Catherine Street, W.C.2. TEM. 8243.
(Smoking). 8.30. WED., SAT., 2.30. A Comedy,
SPRING TIDE
LOUISE HAMPTON ARTHUR SINCLAIR

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.30. Mats., W., Th., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.
OVER 250 PERFORMANCES.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVENINGS, 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

LYRIC, Shaftesbury Avenue. (Ger. 3686.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS. & SATS., 2.30.
BARRY JONES. GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES
in **CHARLES THE KING.**
JOYCE KENNEDY. GEORGE MERRITT.

MERCURY, Nott'g Hill Gate. 2/6 to 6/-. Park 5700.
Evgs.: (exc. Mon.) 8.30. Mats., Fri. & Sat., 2.30.
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By T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as Becket.
"The one great play by a contemporary dramatist now to be seen in England."—*The Times.*
250th PERFORMANCE November 21st.

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JACK BUCHANAN in
THIS'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE,
with ELSIE RANDOLPH.

PLAYHOUSE. OVER 200 PERFS. Whi. 7774.
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NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

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EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
JANE EYRE.
CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

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Evgs. (exc. Mon.), 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
SOPHIE STEWART in
MARIGOLD, with JEAN CLYDE.

ST. JAMES'. (Whitehall 3903).
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."
The Jane Austen Novel dramatised by Helen Jerome.

SAVILLE. Tem. 4011. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
LONDON'S LOUDEST AND LONGEST LAUGH.

WESTMINSTER. 6/-, 3/6, 2/6. Bookable.
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A Comedy by Turgenev.
GILLIAN SCAIFE. DENNIS ARUNDELL. CECIL TROUNCER.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. WED., SAT., 2.30. (390th Perf.)
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A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028. 8.30 Wed., Sat. 2.30.
MADGE TITTHERADGE ISABEL JEANS GREER GARSON in
"MADEMOISELLE."

PICTURE THEATRES

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THE VIENNA CHOIRBOYS in
a story of care-free youth, Tyrol settings, magnificent singing.

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MONDAY, 19th OCTOBER, for TWO WEEKS.
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directed by EDMOND T. GREVILLE,
also Len Lye's *Birth of the Robot* and *March of Time.*

North London Film Soc., Sun., Oct. 25, 2.15 p.m.,
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For details of membership write Sec., 8 King's Rd., N.4.

REPERTORY THEATRES

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Evgs., 8. Sats., 5 & 8.15.
After October. By Rodney Ackland.

HARROGATE Grand Opera House.
Evgs., 8.15. Sats., 6.30 & 9.
Heroes Don't Care. By Margot Neville.

HULL Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5.
Whiteoaks. By Mazo de la Roche.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
The Black Eye. By James Bridie.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. WHI 6407.*

ART EXHIBITIONS

MEMORIAL EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS BY FELICIA BROWN,
killed while fighting for the Government Forces in Spain, including her recent Spanish work.
Proceeds from Drawings to the British Medical Aid Unit in Spain.
Open 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., Oct. 15th–29th. 46, Frith Street, Soho, W.1. Admission free.

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RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden) Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight) Est. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

PICTURES

MARIE LAURENCIN. Exquisite reproduction of "Girl with a Rose," signed proofs only, limited to 75 copies, for England. Size 18×21½. 63s. A few copies available from THE PHOENIX, 66 Chandos Street, W.C.2.

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ADVANCES £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Reg. 4983). 8 Clifford Street. Bond Street, London. W.1.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Subscribers are reminded that instructions regarding a change of address should be received not later than first post on Wednesday morning. The Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1.

players who take part. The players are four in number. At the beginning of each hand the cards are shuffled and one of the players deals them, the rules for dealing being (1) that no two players may receive the same number of cards and (2) that no player may receive as many as half the number of cards in use. All the cards must be given to one or other of the four players, but subject to the above rules, the number which each player receives is determined arbitrarily by the dealer.

I was recently discussing this game with old Prospero, who had been playing it for the first time. "Mine was an interesting hand," he said. "I had two Aces, a King— "

"Excuse me, Prospero," I said, "First tell me how many cards you held in all."

"That I can't remember. . . . But wait," said Prospero, "I can throw some light on the question. It comes to my mind that, according to one of the players, the number of ways of partitioning the cards, in accordance with the rules of the game, was equal to the number of cards we were playing with."

"That doesn't help us much," was my comment.

"I know. But there was something else, Caliban. . . . Wait a moment; this is it, I think. . . . The odds against anyone's being dealt the number of cards that I was dealt were (somebody said) 2 to 1; while, had we been playing with one card fewer, the number of ways in which the cards could have been partitioned, so as to give one of the four players the number of cards held by me, would, curiously, not have been affected."

"It sounds nonsense to me," I said, "but numbers are funny things. Let's see if we can work it out."

How many cards were dealt to Prospero?

Problem 196.—A Scrap of Paper

". . . . There are no more regular *polyhedra*." The numbers of angles, sides and faces of the five regular polyhedra are :—

Tetrahedron	4	6	4
Cube	8	12	6
Octrahedron	6	12	8
Dodecahedron	20	30	12
Icosahedron	12	30	20

It is a reasonable deduction that the numbers underlined are the "key numbers" in the fourth and fifth series.

Comments : "Ingenious." "Hardly a problem." "A gift for teachers of geometry." Perhaps so, but, after all, they don't get many!

General Knowledge Answers.

1. (1) Middlemarch; (2) Kipps; (3) The Constant Nymph; (4) Pendennis; (5) Howard's End; (6) Evan Harrington; (7) The Card; (8) The Antiquary.

2. (1) Moscow; (2) Prague; (3) Paris; (4) Vladivostock; (5) Chicago; (6) Philadelphia.

3. (1) Marlborough; (2) [Marat intended. His date of birth however is 1743. The error is not mine but that of a "dud" encyclopaedia]; (3) Mazarin; (4) Pitt; (5) Hastings; (6) Garibaldi; (7) Castlereagh.

4. (1) singularity; (2) Agamemnon; (3) imposthume; (4) circumstantial : direct.

5. (1) golf; (2) Eton field game; (3) piquet; (4) chess; (5) "real" tennis.

Comments on these questions vary. Problem addicts are indignant at this invasion of their space. Many of those for whom the questions are intended missed them, I suspect, altogether. A number of interesting criticisms were received. Most of my critics however, do not appreciate my fundamental difficulty, which is that I must, I think, confine myself to questions to which the answers are categorical and beyond the scope of controversy. This condition rules out a number of excellent ideas. A general complaint is that the answers can be found in reference books. But since the basis of a "knowledge" test is factual, how is that to be avoided?

Problem 195.—The Binarian Spy

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : L. J. C. Connell, 74 Arthur Road, Southampton.

Seven points are awarded.

Prizes for Problem Solvers

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

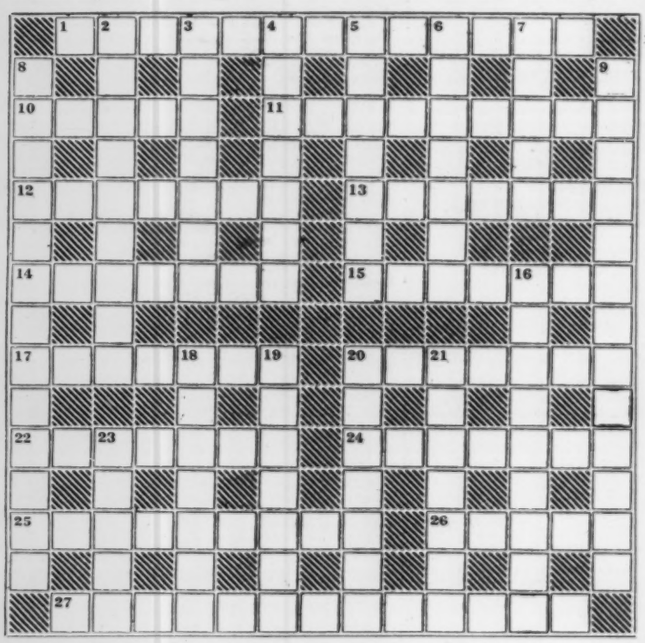
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.] CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 345

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Douglas Stephen, 43 Clarendon Road, Norwich, Norfolk

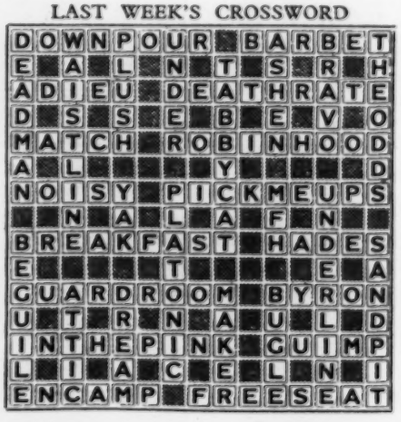
ACROSS

1. A box for the view?
10. Yankee era.
11. O! a present in another language.
12. What the crowds will hope to do on May 12 next year.
13. It is suicide to kill this.
14. A cold and "polished" air.
15. A blaze at the film studio?
17. Makes me stare.
20. His work is always constructive.
22. Though they are often sponging on people they are quite sporting.
24. Still life dramatically presented.
25. Mabel's tie is worthy of consideration.
26. Suggests permission for a stage whisper.
27. They can do with a brush up.

DOWN

2. Does it yield timber for a flying carpenter?
3. He's right enough to care for anyone like this.
4. One who pays a bad debt as it were.
5. They like a bit of skirt to snuggle up to.
6. How to make it all right with anybody.
7. Sane beginning to a Jane Austen novel.
8. Her profession sounds relatively careful.
9. An estate in Mysore for instance.
16. Where the Duchess's cook put the pepper.
18. The merest allowance.
19. Faculty that enables one to grow fat.
20. The sheep had them in the neck.
21. Send me up a couple.
23. This means an outing for the batsman.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD


DOWNPOUR BARBET
E A L N T S R H
ADIEU DEATHRATE
D S S E B E V O
MATCH ROBINHOOD
A L Y D
NOISY PICKMEUPS
N A L A F N
BREAKFAST HADES
E T E A
GUARDROOM BYRON
U T R N A U L D
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L I A C E L N I
ENCAMP FREESEAT

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

STABILISING GOLD—LORD NUFFIELD AND MORRIS MOTORS SHARES—CABLE & WIRELESS AND GLOBE TELEGRAPH

THE agreement for technical co-operation between the Exchange Funds of the United States, Great Britain and France implies surely an attempt to manage the respective exchanges within very wide gold points. The new regulation published by the American Treasury enables gold to be obtained in the United States in exchange for dollars by any country which gives reciprocal facilities to the United States (previously gold could only be released to a country on the gold standard). The British and French Treasuries would hardly arrange to give such reciprocal facilities to the United States if there were not a general understanding that gold would be allowed to flow at a price. E.g., if sterling depreciated in terms of dollars below 4.86 gold would probably be released by the British Exchange Fund. The arrangement is a temporary one—it can be terminated at 24 hours' notice from any of the parties—but it does appear to warrant Mr. Morgenthau's boast of a new type of gold standard. At an exchange rate of 4.86 the sterling price of gold rises to 144*s.* per ounce (the dollar price being fixed at $35), and at 5.00 it falls to 140*s.* per ounce. It appears therefore likely that the British and American Exchange Funds will attempt to keep the sterling price of gold within these limits. But the attempt may fail if sterling is subjected to the exceptional pressure of an increasingly adverse balance of payments and a continuing flight of capital to Wall Street.

* * *

The attraction of this year's Motor Show is the introduction of Morris Motors ordinary shares to the London Stock Exchange. Lord Nuffield believes in selling his cars cheaply, but not his shares. The shares are being "introduced" on the Stock Exchange by private placing instead of being offered for sale by public prospectus. It is contended that if they had been offered for sale everyone would have had an equal chance of acquiring some shares, even if the allotments were microscopic. Actually, of course, the sponsors of a public issue always have their special list of applicants who receive more favourable allotments than the general public. This is a generally accepted City practice which, if kept within decent bounds, is unobjectionable. Without back-scratching City business could not be transacted. By the "introduction" method there is no pretence that everyone has an equal chance of acquiring shares. Those who are friends of the brokers to the issue will do better than others and important clients of important firms of brokers will receive better treatment than the small man. When it comes to actual dealing, if there is a huge scramble for the shares, it will be the client of the physically strongest brokers who will gain, for it will require the strength of a rugby international to get through the scrum to the dealer in Morris Motors. But whatever may be the objections in principle, Lord Nuffield gains by "introducing" the shares in this way. In the first place, the expenses are lower than in a public issue and, in the second place, a higher price can be obtained for his shares. The ordinary share capital now amounts to £2,650,000 stock, divided into 10,600,000 units of 5*s.* Lord Nuffield is disposing of a quarter of the equity, i.e., 2,650,000 units of 5*s.* He has sold the first block, believed to be 700,000 5*s.* units, to the market at 37*s.* 6*d.*, which the privileged will obtain at 37*s.* 9*d.* Further blocks will be disposed of at rising prices—38*s.* 9*d.*, 39*s.* 9*d.*, and so on. It is obvious that this method of introduction is to the advantage of Lord Nuffield who, after all, is entitled to say at what price he will sell his shares. But what are the shares worth? And what will they rise to?

* * *

There is no doubt that the shares of Morris Motors have glamour. Instinctively one pictures Lord Nuffield with a capital of £5, mending his first bicycle forty years ago, and then slowly building up his vast business by hard work and technical efficiency. So far the ordinary shares have always been held tightly in Lord Nuffield's pocket and they have made him a rich man. He is probably worth to-day £20 millions. It is, of course, absurd for the ordinary investor to suppose that if Morris Motors shares have made Lord Nuffield rich they can make anyone else rich. If Lord Nuffield thought the shares would be worth 60*s.* in three years' time, he would be foolish to sell to-day. Nevertheless, the shares will attract the man in the street, and if the present boom conditions prevail, might even be carried to 50*s.* But what are they worth? According to the *Times* estimate of profits, which was not given in the particulars advertised by the company, the earnings this year are likely to be 56 per cent. and a dividend of not less than 40 per cent. will be declared. At 40*s.* Morris Motors shares would thus yield 7 per cent. on earnings and 5 per cent. on dividends. Some will compare them with Austin Motors 5*s.* shares which are quoted at 51*s.* 3*d.* to yield 7½ per cent. on earnings and £4 17*s.* 6*d.* per cent. on dividends. But Austin Motors is a highly geared share and on that account much more speculative. Morris Motors, not forgetting the glamour, is therefore entitled to sell on a lower earnings' and dividend yield basis than Austin Motors. At 45*s.* Morris Motors would yield £6 4*s.* 6*d.* per cent. on earnings and £4 9*s.* 0*d.* per cent. on dividends—or 5 per cent. if the dividend is to be 45 per cent., as some optimists expect. The market may therefore value the shares today at 45*s.* In ten years' time, of course, this valuation may seem absurd. A 6¼ per cent. earnings yield basis means valuing the Morris Motors equity at sixteen times the present annual earnings, but who believes that the present rate of earnings will be maintained for many years?

* * *

My Statistical Assistant, who has recently been crowded out of this page by what he regards as "foreign matter," writes: The prospectus of the issue of debentures and preference shares of the Cables Investment Trust in July, 1935, gave the annual dividend income of the investments to be acquired as £315,000, which would have allowed the payment of a dividend on the Trust's ordinary shares of 5¼ per cent. It now appears that the income from investments for the period from July 23rd, 1935, to June 30th, 1936, was £273,000, or £292,000 on a proportionate annual basis. Nevertheless, the actual cash received between July 23rd, 1935, and July 22nd, 1936, did amount to £315,000, and I suppose that this figure does represent the income which would be received in a full year. No explanation is given as to how the adjustments for accrued interest at the beginning and end of the financial year are arrived at, but a very bald statement is included in the directors' report to the effect that they are satisfied that in a normal year the earnings of the company should, in the absence of any unforeseen circumstances, equal or exceed the estimate in the prospectus. In the meantime the ordinary dividend of the Trust is to be no more than 1¼ per cent. against the "prospectus" earnings of 5¼ per cent. If the company were not the Cables Investment Trust we should be inclined to treat the matter as an accounting joke, but the dividend on the Trust's ordinary shares is of considerable importance in assessing the relative value of Globe Telegraph and Trust and Cable and Wireless, which jointly own the Trust's ordinary capital.

* * *

Cable and Wireless issues have improved slightly during the past week or two on hopes of better international trade following the devaluation of the gold bloc. The 5½ per cent. preference stock at 104 yields 5¼ per cent. on the full dividend which, I think, will still be forthcoming. The "A" Shares at 22 seem grossly overvalued (as always), but I suppose there is some prospect of their receiving a dividend if prosperity lasts for another ten years. A much more satisfactory way of taking an interest in Cable and Wireless appears to be by purchase of Globe Telegraph & Trust ordinary shares at about the present price of £14. Globe ordinary shares were formerly regarded as a diluted equity of the Cable and Wireless combine, since income from "other" investments did not cover the dividend on Globe preference shares. The position now has improved, for if we assume that Cables Investment Trust will eventually pay 5 per cent. on its ordinary shares, Globe will then be earning 6½ per cent. free of tax, and the earnings yield will be approximately 5¾ per cent. The calculation of the asset value of Globe ordinary shares always presents certain difficulties. Globe has a curious provision under which the preference shares, which receive annually a fixed dividend, are entitled to share equally with the ordinary shares on a liquidation. It is necessary, therefore, to calculate a break-up value assuming that the company does not break up. At the present moment my calculations put a value on Globe ordinary shares of at least £19, and even if the holding of the Cable and Wireless "A" shares is ignored altogether, the asset value works out at over £16. I would not mind holding Cable and Wireless preference at 104; I certainly would not buy the "A" stock at 22, but I would have no objection whatever to buying the "A" stock for nothing, and this is precisely what you do if you buy Globe Telegraph and Trust ordinary stock at the present price of 14.

Toreador: Your arithmetic is devastating, but suppose Cable and Wireless did fail to pay the full 5½ per cent. dividend on its preference stock. The traffic receipts and the Chairman's warning are not encouraging.

Company Meeting

HARRISONS & CROSFIELD LTD.

TEA AND RUBBER POSITION

THE twenty-eighth ANNUAL MEETING of Harrisons and Crosfield, Ltd., was held in London on October 13th. Mr. Eric Miller, Chairman, presiding, said (in part): Probably the most striking event in the tea industry has been the increase of twopence per lb. in the U.K. tea duty imposed in the last Budget, raising it to 4*d.* per lb. on Empire and 6*d.* per lb. on foreign grown tea. It came as an unexpected and unpleasant surprise to the trade, and it is a pity that the present time should have been selected for this additional impost, when the industry is still unable to make ends meet without the help of international regulation of supplies and is expending large sums on propaganda in an effort to stimulate the further consumption of tea in the countries which offer the best prospects of expansion.

Rubber stocks in London and Liverpool public warehouses had reached the highest figure ever recorded at 178,000 tons in mid-September, 1935. The corresponding figure at the end of September this year was 103,000 tons, the diminution having proceeded very steadily week by week. It is natural therefore that the price should have improved in recent months from the unsatisfactory level to which it fell in 1935. The world output of automobiles has made rapid recovery in the last year or two, although the 1935 total of 5,200,000 vehicles is still about one million less than were turned out in the boom year 1929. The output for 1936 will be greater than it was in 1935. At the end of 1935, 26 million automobiles were registered in the U.S.A. and 11 million in other countries, a total of 37 million vehicles in use. Although the automobile industry still absorbs about two-thirds of the rubber which goes into consumption and is likely to remain the predominant user, it is gratifying to see a steady increase in other directions. The fitting of pneumatic tyres to agricultural vehicles has proved very advantageous to farmers, and it looks as if pneumatics will soon be standard equipment on most new vehicles sold. The use of rubber in latex form continues to increase, the 1935 shipments, equivalent to over 20,000 tons of dry rubber, being four times as great as the 1929 figure. 1936 shows further headway in this direction.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted and a dividend of 15 per cent. on the Deferred Ordinary stock, making 20 per cent. for the year, was declared.

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